

The **H** *Magazine for the Christian Home*
Hearthstone



- **Vacation at Home—George Holwager**
- **The Girl Friend and the Boy Friend—P. R. Hayward**

June 1950

The *Magazine for the Christian Home* Hearthstone

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Fireside Chat . . .

Dad, this is *your* *Hearthstone*. From the front cover to the editorial page you'll find things slanted for your enjoyment and your edification.

For instance, you're probably planning for vacation activities. Esther Houston (page 12) points out the joys of traveling to far-off spots, but George Holwager (page 32) says you can have a good vacation at home, too. Read over what they have to say and then work out the better plan for your family.

Our "Just for Fun" section this time is tuned to vacation fun, too, for as the title, "Games for a Desert Island," would indicate, you need little equipment. Also, we think you'll like the Bible game on page 41.

Are you dubious about who is head of your house—you or your children? Maybe you can put to use Otis L. Graham's plan. He admits his way of discipline is the lazy way, but it works. Hampton Adams has words of wisdom along this line, too.

Jack Finegan is back with some good thoughtful remarks about overcoming trouble. If you never run into any, you don't need any advice about getting out of it, of course. And while you're pausing to think, Dad, take stock of your laugh materials. Sometimes busy men forget to make life more pleasant for those about them. Check yourself with the points Mrs. Roesch has outlined on page 5.

Whether you spend a lazy week at home or take a tour of the country, we hope you will take *Hearthstone* with you.

The Loving Father



OW the tax collectors and sinners were all drawing near to hear him. And the Pharisees and the scribes murmured, saying, "This man receives sinners and eats with them."

And he said, "There was a man who had two sons; and the younger of them said to his father, 'Father, give me the share of property that falls to me.' And he divided his living between them. Not many days later, the younger son gathered all he had and took his journey into a far country, and there he squandered his property in loose living. And when he had spent everything, a great famine arose in that country, and he began to be in want. So he went and joined himself to one of the citizens of that country, who sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would gladly have fed on the pods that the swine ate; and no one gave him anything. But when he came to himself he said, 'How many of my father's hired servants have bread enough and to spare, but I perish here with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and I will say to him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before you; I am no longer worthy to be called your son; treat me as one of your hired servants.' And he arose and came to his father. But while he was yet at a distance, his father saw him and had compassion, and ran and embraced him and kissed him. And the son said to him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and before you; I am no longer worthy to be called your son.' But the father said to his servants, 'Bring quickly the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring the fatted calf and kill it, and let us eat and make merry; for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.'"

Luke 15:1, 2; 11-24

Untying the

Apron Strings

By Hampton Adams

IN THE beginning I want to pay my respects to apron strings. Without them the generations would have gone further afield than they have. However, I have always been bothered by the figure. I cannot visualize how mother could keep on her apron if the strings were attached to some little boy. Nevertheless, though the figure isn't good, the accepted meaning is clear. Parents are expected to keep a hold on their children.

Apron strings, contrary to the notion of youth, are symbols not of servitude, but of their eventual freedom. The distance between the experience and the consequent wisdom of normal parents and the experience and wisdom of their boys and girls is an indication of the potentialities of the human being. On the lower levels of creation, this distance between the knowledge and powers of parents and their offspring is significantly reduced. A mother hog knows a little more than the pigs, but not a great deal. In an incredibly short time—a period of weeks—the pigs will know everything that their mother knows, or ever can know. The prolonged development of the human being is the evidence of his ability to learn. It is the provision that is providentially made for him to learn, not only the hard way of trial and error, but to learn from the experiences of his parents, his grand-

parents and from all previous generations. History means nothing to a cow; but history could save a generation of people from fatal mistakes.

Youth are attached to their parents not because they are slaves, but because they are born to be free. The wise association of children with normal parents through the periods of infancy, childhood, adolescence and youth is preparation for the responsible free life. This is a generalization that is unhappily not always true. Some parents are so foolish and so corrupt that youth can learn little from them except through reverse processes of backing away from disgusting things they see. For instance, I know a young man who has held to his determination to resist alcohol because of the ugly memory of a drunken father.

However, where parents love their children with an unselfish love and are of average intelligence, the provision for the prolonged parent-child relationship works to the lasting benefit of the teen-ager.

If the parents are truly Christian and if they maintain a Christian home for their children, the love that is developed for that home will safeguard their sons and daughters after the apron strings are broken and when the young

people have gone out far beyond the reach of parents.

The nostalgia for the home had much to do with the prodigal coming to himself. The journey to his father's house was not merely geographical, but moral. He would not have been able to find his way over that difficult road of moral rehabilitation if in his memory he had not been able to see light shining in the home of his youth. The strong attachment of the earlier years drew him back in the time of his spiritual need.

PARENTS are never sure how long the apron strings should be. Those who have not suffered the joys and anxieties of parenthood are quite sure that the apron strings are too short or too long; but after years of letting them out and drawing them in, parents are not so sure. The only thing that we can say with conviction is that they should be long enough to allow for the development of initiative and short enough to save the youth from unnecessary blundering and suffering.

The strings must be let out a little at a time. As the parent lets them out he must reconcile himself to the possibilities and dangers of the lengthened radius.

When the mother lets go of the toddler so that he may develop confidence, she must accept the possibility that he may fall. She must be wise enough, too, to know that if she keeps saying to him, "don't fall" she increases the possibility of the accident. There comes the time when this child has to go to kindergarten. The apron strings must be lengthened with further possibilities of harm.

At every successive stage the distance between parents and child must be lengthened and the time of separation prolonged. To expect the high school youth to develop within the radius of the protection of an elementary school child is to expect the impossible. Neither can the college age young person develop within the protective area of a high school person. The principle that must be trusted is that the developing youth can assume the responsibilities of an increasing freedom.

The same truth can be seen from the other side. The elementary school child must be held closer to the parents than the high school boy or girl, and in turn the high school boy and girl cannot have the liberties of the college age youth. And in order that the latter may not be considered the age of the complete freedom, the college youth should not yet be considered either by himself or his parents as beyond the range of wise parental counsel.

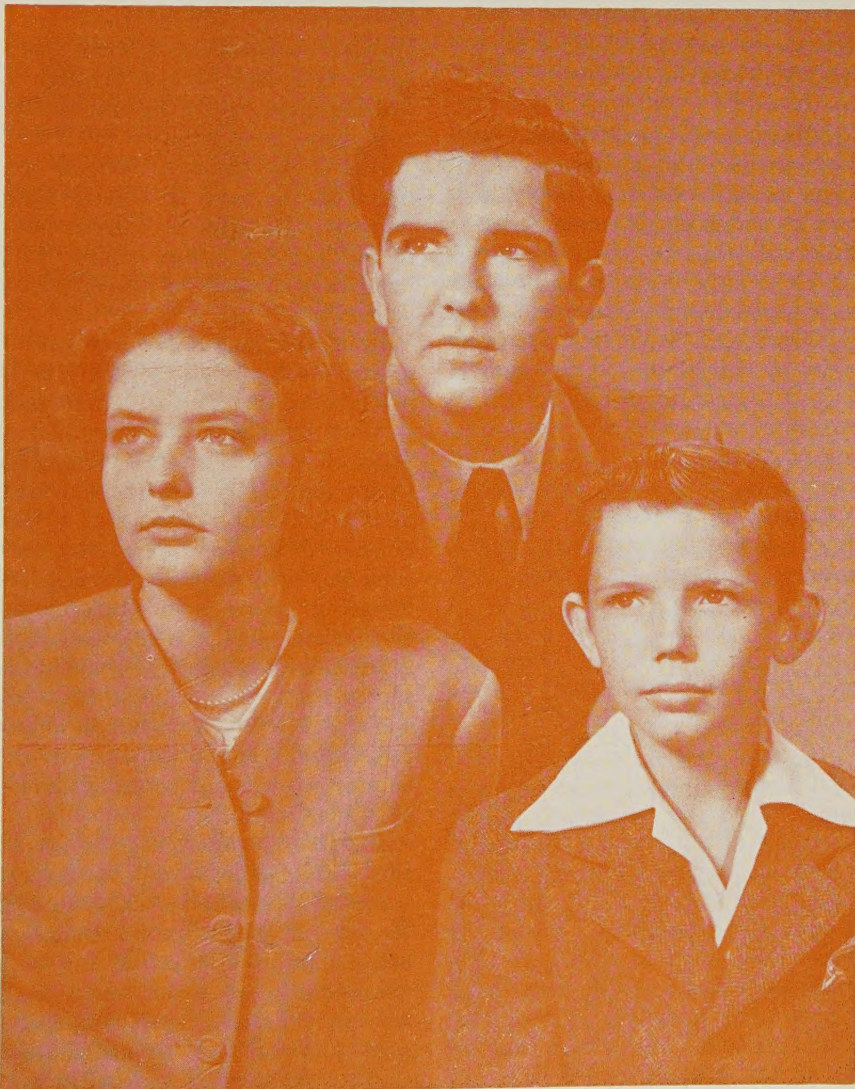
Perhaps this is the place to leave the figure of the apron strings behind. It is not the best figure for a reason other than that which already has been stated; apron strings indicate attachment only to the mother. No person would refute the assertion that parenthood is the responsibility of both mother and father. There are some reasons for discouragement about parenthood. These, however, are balanced, and I believe overbalanced, by the concern of the younger generation of mothers and fathers for their parenthood. In our churches, especially, we are finding that these younger couples are considering parenthood their highest vocation. They are studying to be approved of God as worthy of the youth that have blessed their homes. They are asking the church to provide coun-

sel for them, to give them literature. They are asking God to be their strong ally in guiding the lives entrusted to them.

APRON strings are indeed a poor symbol for the strong, invisible tie of affection that binds parents and their boys and girls. Parents are safeguarded beyond former generations against the subtle effect of unconscious selfishness on this tie of affection. The bond between youth and parents can be weakened irreparably by selfishness. And while parents may not recognize their selfishness, thinking it to be unadulterated love, the young people are quick to see where self-interest moves in the guise of pure love. It is easy for parents to de-

lude themselves into finding that it is a bad thing for the youth to be out, when their motive is to keep their boys and girls around them at all times for their own pleasure. Mothers especially need the grace to examine themselves when they find all kinds of reasons why their son should not marry the girl he loves. A mother can easily forget the happiness of her son in her selfish and unadmitted desire to keep him under her own roof.

The goal of parental nurture of young people is not different from the goal that Jesus announced for His own coming. He came that persons might have life and have it abundantly. That is the purpose of Christian nurture in the home. If that goal is to be realized, the
(See page 46.)



—H. Armstrong Roberts.

Developing youth can assume the responsibilities of increasing freedom. At every successive stage, elementary school through college, the apron strings must be lengthened.

How to Overcome Trouble

By Jack Finegan

THE TIMES come, as some one has put it, "when the burdens we carry chafe our shoulders and weigh us down; when the road seems dreary and endless, the skies gray and threatening; when our lives have no music in them, our hearts are lonely and our souls have lost their courage."

How to overcome trouble is one of the problems which confronts everybody. The prophet Jeremiah feeling so bad about himself and his people asked, "Is there no balm in Gilead?"

Gilead is the mountainous land east of the Jordan River. From there came a famous balm which was an aromatic preparation beneficial to wounds. The balm, of course, did not undo the wound but it did take the pain out and helped the healing. So famous was this balm of Gilead that it was an object of international commerce. In the story of Joseph and his brothers we read, "And they lifted up their eyes and looked, and behold, a caravan of Ishmaelites was coming from Gilead, with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt." At the time of which we are speaking, however, Jeremiah felt so bad that he doubted if there were any balm in Gilead at all.

It must indeed be plainly said that there is no balm to ease our pain or trouble in many places. There is no satisfaction for man's spirit in frenzied activity alone. Some people rush about trying to forget their troubles. Sooner or later they have to stop and then their anxieties are still with them. There is no adequate balm in stoical fortitude. A person can try to be the captain of his soul but sooner or later he comes to the place where he needs something more than himself.

There is no balm in alcoholism. A recent article on the subject pointed out that for every one hundred alcoholics about half are persons who drink because of an underlying mental disorder. They have a neurosis, are morons, have epilepsy, dementia praecox or manic-depressive psychosis. "But the other half," declares this authority, "are those who, starting apparently as well-integrated social drinkers, pamper their frustrations with alcohol until they can't face life except through a whiskey haze." At the end of that road there is no balm.

But if we think of biblical religion as the land of Gilead, then there is still balm in Gilead. Let us see how the letters of the name itself help to spell out the elements of healing.

Grief is a part of the restoration of men's souls when they have been wounded. Dr. Erich Lindemann, in work with grief patients, at the Massachusetts General Hospital, found that many persons who had denied grief at the time of a loss developed severe depressions and even physical diseases years later. Amazing cures took place, however, when these patients were persuaded to express the pain and sorrow that should have found an outlet before. As Abraham, Jacob and David wept in time of sorrow, so may we without being ashamed. It is good to do so.

Insight is something to strive for. Job endeavored to understand the trouble he experienced. He may not have found a complete answer, and we may not; but it is necessary to try to understand all we can. Leslie D. Weatherhead says that he used to think that God's Providence consisted in giving good things to people. In that case God's Providence does not seem to be at work all the time be-

cause trouble also comes to people frequently. Now, he says, it seems to him that God's Providence is to be seen in the placing of man in a school where circumstances will make some suffering almost certain. When he was a schoolboy he heard of some boys who escaped school and thought how lucky they were. Afterward he realized that they were not lucky at all; either they had to learn later when it was harder or they suffered permanent loss. Perhaps it is that way with life, too.

Length of time plays its part in the healing of men's spirits. Joshua L. Liebman speaks of "grief's slow wisdom." Even as a physical wound heals by almost imperceptible degrees, so does a wounded spirit.

Example is something else which helps us. We are inspired when we know some person who has faced a great trouble and overcome it. Dr. Weatherhead tells about his own sister who provided an example of that sort. When she fell ill with an incurable disease she said to him, "I am proud to be trusted with cancer." She fought against it because it was an evil thing which brought pain to God and men; but since God had allowed it, she accepted it and won the victory of a calm spirit.

Another is needed too by men in their troubles. The One whose friendship is needed is the Man of whom it was said that he was acquainted with grief. Jesus was indeed acquainted with men's grief. As we read the Gospels we find the paralyzed man, the widow who lost her son, the Gerasene demoniac whose mind had broken down, the two sisters whose brother had died. Jesus Christ knew these people, and as he helped them, so too, he can comfort others who are in trouble.

Death seen as a door is also a part of the consolation of which we are speaking. A visitor who talked with Dr. Weatherhead's sister shortly before her death said of her, "She was like a child going home for Christmas." She "ran up with joy the shining way." To know that this is the meaning of death is to have the balm of Gilead.

The Light Stroke

In life as in tennis there is a definite place for a light stroke. You, too, can have it.

By Roberta Fleming
Roesch

In practically every movie or book that's become a popular hit, there's a certain common quality—mainly, a light stroke. *Life With Father* had it. *A Christmas Carol* did, too. And because their whimsy appealed to folks they've endeared themselves for all time.

Both had work they wanted to do, problems to work out, but, in between, a pen wrote the stroke that engraved them so well in our hearts. And that's the way it is in our lives and our personalities when we really want people to like us a lot and remember their meetings with us.

The few true friends a person has remember the qualities that they dug deeply enough to find when the friendship was brand new. But the average person we happen to know just doesn't dig like that. He either remembers or forgets the impression we make on him. The one sure way to be certain, though, that the casual people we meet will always want to remember us is to write the light stroke in our lives—just as Dickens and Clarence Day wrote it into their work.

If you have it already you're lucky, for it's very seldom inborn. Instead, it's something that slowly comes as we live day by day through the years. Some folks get it easily. To others it comes hard, so here are ways to check yourself to find out where you stand.

1. Do you know how—in casual social mingling—to get your mind off the small details of your daily routine long enough to engage in bantering chitchat?

For instance, if you're out with a mixed group of people and the conversation lags, do you start in on the high costs of food and what problems your shopping trips are? Or do you look on the brighter side and think of some incident that happened to amuse you when you were on one of those trips?

Mary Carter's the latter way. She always sees funny things and when she's with a mixed group of friends she has light things to say. Just last night when I was out the conversation did lag and a serious person in the room did bring up costs of food. But Mary came to the rescue with a hearty little laugh.

"High costs remind me," she said with a grin, "of today in the grocery store."

Then she went on to tell us about a woman she saw who had a regular bookkeeping pad that she carried while she shopped.

"That wouldn't have been so funny," Mary said to us, "if she hadn't mumbled out loud all the while that she walked around the store. She'd say 'Green peas—thirty-five cents; tomatoes—twenty-three' then stop right in the aisle and start to add them up."

Mary giggled while she talked. She got us giggling, too. And every person in that room remembered her when she left.

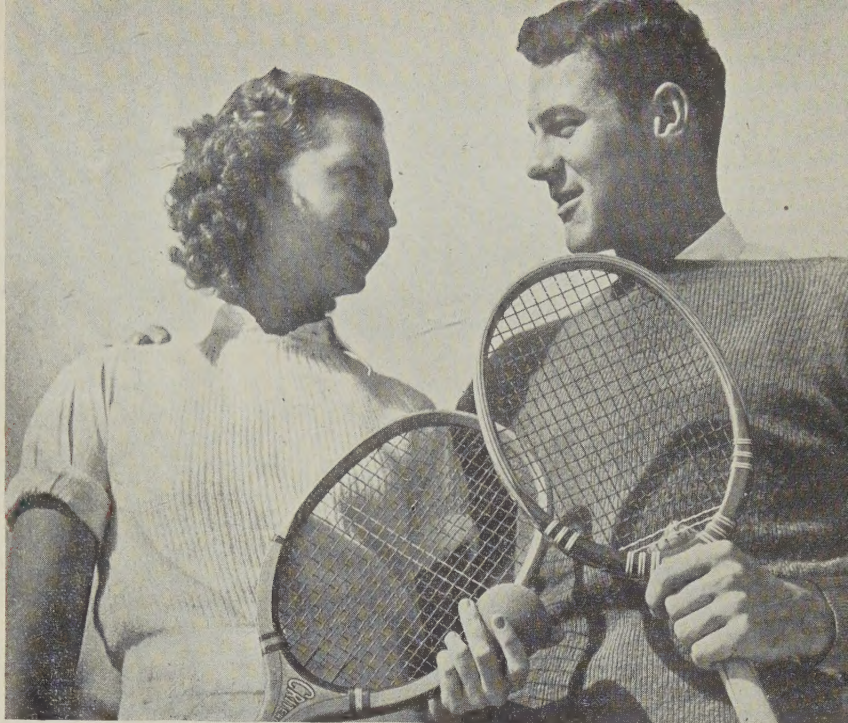
2. If something disastrous happens in your life, are you eager to talk about it all the time as soon as someone mentions it to you—or can you pass it off in such a way that you really prove to that person that you've got an eye and heart for a lot more than disaster?

About five years ago I read of a fire in the paper and learned that a friend of mine had lost not only his house but also every personal possession that he owned. I spent at least a week thinking about how awful John must feel and when I met him out walking the following weekend I mentioned it at once.

"It's an awful shock," he said, "to have all you own burn up." But then he started to grin at me. "There was one thing about it, though. My red plaid shirt and my fishing rod both came out all right. You see, I was fishing at the time and having fun while things burned. At least, I was doing the thing I liked best while my world went up in flames!" Then he smiled a "That's-that" smile and spoke of something else.

I've never forgotten that walk with John. He endeared himself that day.

(Continued on page 44.)





—Ewing Galloway.

Working at Fatherhood-- *the* *Lazy* *Way*

By Otis L. Graham

TODAY I received a fountain pen from Fred with "Dad" engraved on it. The card enclosed said, "To the best Dad a boy ever had." After eighteen years of struggling with Fred through the situations that arise in a normal boy's life I am accepting that card as my "diploma." I got my diploma from Jennie in a little different way. Her mother was away over the week end and this twenty-year-old senior in Vanderbilt came in from a date, roused me out of a deep sleep, and directed my attention to a diamond reposing on the left hand. The only thing I could think to say was, "What will your mother say?" The reply rather stunned me—"If you don't mind she won't, for she is a romantic soul." I turned over and went to sleep in spite of the fact that Jennie was graduating from the university and had a diamond and Fred was in Yale rooming with a Christian Scientist, a Jew, and a Roman Catholic.

Twenty years ago we started with a definite program. We had seen our friends plagued by their unruly offspring who wouldn't eat, drink, or sleep when each seemed in order. Company in the home seemed to inspire them to heights of unruliness that closely resembled demoniac possession. They demanded to be the center of attraction twenty-four

hours a day and there was never any surplus energy left over at the end of the day for Mother and Dad to have a life of their own.

Mother and I had both come from old-fashioned homes.

Dad's word was law. Both of us had understood that, as long as we put our feet under Dad's table, his word was law. It seemed so easy and although there were eight children in one family and six in the other, only the kids seemed to be worn out at the end of the day. We decided that was the way it should be—that the easy way, even though it was the lazy way, was to demand obedience from the beginning.

Fortunately Jennie, who was number one, proved to be a child who obeyed readily. We learned the ropes on her and with a minimum of trouble. Fred was a little different but the years of peace had spoiled us and we were ready to make the extra effort to preserve it. The good example of an obedient older sister played a part, too. Otis, who was number three, proved the one who tested our metal and at the age of fourteen he is still testing it. He has never hauled in his flag and although we have him in the rut, the fires of rebellion still smoulder underneath. Hugh,

number four, proved to be the crowning achievement of our well-laid plans, for a more obedient child one could never desire.

What a pleasure to have our friends call in the evening and ask, "How do you do it? The children never create any disturbance at all." It's the lazy way, but what an enjoyable way, just tell them what to do and they do it. We've been consistent with it too. No arguments about going to Sunday school, church, school, or any of the other things that are accepted as a part of our life. Certain things are done and others are not done and there is no argument about it.

We didn't go to Sunday movies although every other kid in town did. The same was true of other amusements on the sabbath day. There were certain places we didn't go and certain things we didn't do, and that was the end of it. There were other places we did go and things we did do and there was no argument about that either. We might be wrong but we were the law and until we abdicated that law was to be obeyed.

NOW don't feel sorry for our poor suppressed offspring. I don't know of four happier or more normal people anywhere. Jennie has developed into a rather interesting woman and will make some man an excellent wife. She has already paid us the compliment of saying she will let us rear her children. Although we appreciate her approval of our methods we have declined the proffered honor. Fred, after earning a scholarship to both Yale and Princeton, is now at Yale trying to spread his southern charm over Wellesley, Smith and Vassar. The two younger boys need not think that we will weaken now that we are older. They still have to toe the mark, and really they love it. The height of meanness to them is to spot the lack of reverence for authority in their fellows—they seem to feel particularly sorry for the parent in the case, knowing what a hard job they are making out of what could be an easy and a pleasant task—being a parent.

About the hardest part of our "lazy parenthood" has been the criticism of some of our contemporaries and even some members of our family. We have been too hard on the children, we will warp their personalities, we will make psychological wrecks out of them and crush all initiative. We decided to take a chance.

Jennie had so little initiative and such a warped personality that when we sent her to Mary Baldwin College in Virginia for a couple of years just to get away from the influence of three brothers and two "hard" parents, she proceeded without our knowledge or help to get a position as accompanist in the voice department and still found time to make the big week ends at William and Mary, the University of Virginia and Yale. She is already lined up to teach in a school not too far from the medical school where the young man who owned the diamond will be a student.

We're finding it still takes some strength to hold the reins after a girl becomes engaged but we're still in the driver's seat. Papa didn't abdicate when

"We were just too lazy to go through all the manipulations modern parents are supposed to in order to preserve junior's native instincts."

daughter got the diamond—he just braced his feet for the last laps around the course. It's a lot of fun but the sad part of it is we have no other daughter coming on to use what we have learned on the first one. We are afraid that the strategy with an engaged son will have to be a little different but we are looking forward to that too. When the preacher says, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" and Dad says, "I do," and Mother wipes a tiny tear away—then we will hand the reins over. It hasn't been difficult but it has been steady—more than twenty years of lazy parenthood.

We failed to warp Fred's personality or crush his initiative and, so far as one can tell in an eighteen-year-old, he isn't exactly a psychological wreck. Through the use of some real ability and a great deal of determination he managed to hold about every important office in his high school including the presidency of the student body in his senior year and find time on the side to get a scholarship to Princeton and to Yale. We haven't had opportunity to check on all his maneuvering there, but the fact that weighing 125 pounds he has chosen to try to make the freshman wrestling team makes us worry not about his loss of initiative but rather about the safety of his bones. Between wrestling bouts with a short stay in the infirmary with a slight concussion and managing to stay in the upper twenty-five per cent of his class scholastically so he can retain his scholarship, he has managed to appear on the "Blind Date" program on television where he got the pen which he immediately had engraved with "Dad" and sent to me with his little note. I am afraid that he isn't too normal or he would have cherished that pen as a keepsake—maybe we have taught him unselfishness while we were trying to teach him obedience. Obedience has a lot of by-products that are sometimes as valuable as the main course.

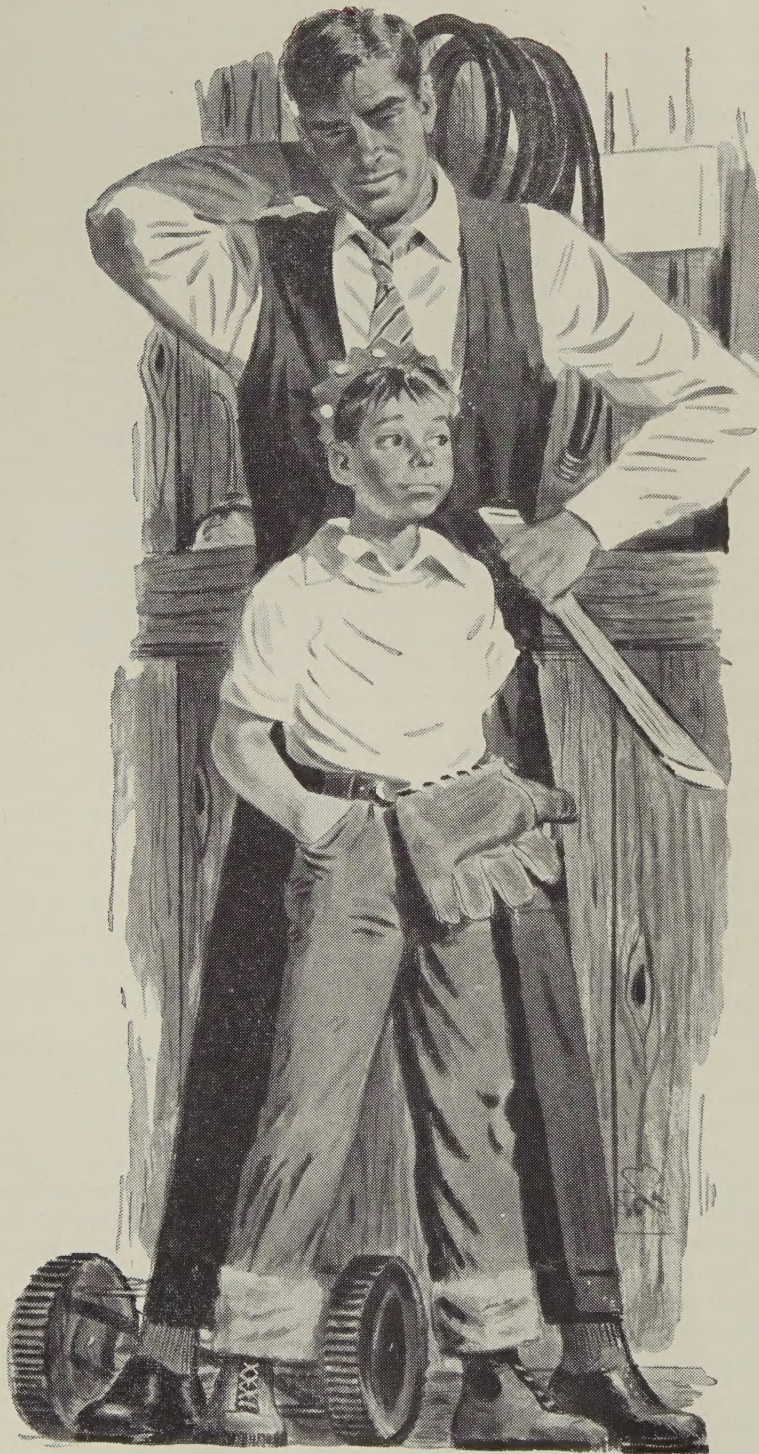
Otis and Hugh are proving interesting material to work with. When we wonder whether we are weakening with them or whether the old "lazy parenthood" method has run its course we interrupt a football game long enough to say, "Boys, how about treating us to a little entertainment?" If the strains of "Mountain Dew" and "They All Go Native on Saturday Night" greet our ears we know the spell still holds and we can relax a while longer.

AFTER nearly twenty-one years of being a father—the lazy way—I have decided that I ought to put in some real work at the job, so three months ago I assumed the job of being a father to sixty-five boys and

(See page 42.)

Eventually every boy and his stepfather have to come to . . .

An Understanding



"Go to your room," he commanded. "And stay there!"

THEY DECIDED to go home. It was getting on toward sup-
pertime and the fishing wasn't
much good anyway. Besides the
big carp that he tossed back into
the creek, Donald had taken only
three small catfish, which were
hardly worth keeping, so he gave
his catch to the other nine-year-
old, making a total of nine on Joe's
string.

They took the short cut through
Mr. Powell's pasture to the coun-
try road. Four cows were grazing
in the field, heading slowly toward
the gate in the west fence. Be-
yond the closed gate an acre of
young corn shimmered green in
the late afternoon sun, and adjoin-
ing the lot stood the family or-
chard. A tall cherry tree laden
with early fruit caught Donald's
eye. "Look!" he cried. "Cher-
ries!"

"We better not go in," Joe said.
"A sign back there says to keep
out."

"We didn't see the sign, did we?
Come on, let's get some cherries."

"I don't think we ought to,
Don."

"Aw, who's going to miss a
cherry or two? Don't be a sissy,
Joe." Donald pulled back the bar
in the wooden gate they had
reached. The gate swung wide on
its hinges and remained open.
"We won't close it till we come
out."

Somewhat reluctantly, Joe fol-
lowed. A moment later they were
in the upper branches of the tall
tree, helping themselves to the
juicy red fruit, eating and filling
pockets at the same time. Pres-
ently the sound of a man clearing
his throat drifted to their ears.
Donald whispered hoarsely, "It's
old man Powell. Let's scam."

They were on the ground in seconds. Joe grabbed his string of fish off the grass. Avoiding the open space between them and the gate, they ducked through the orchard toward the county road.

"Stop!" The shout came from behind them. They were seen, and Mr. Powell was chasing. His shouts came closer, "Stop, you boys!"

Frantically, they wormed through the barbed wires of the fence and continued swiftly along the road until they came to a low row of shrubs that hedged them from their pursuer. Safe at last, they traveled on at a more leisurely pace. "Made it," said Donald. "Old man Powell never saw us before. He don't know us from anybody."

"Hope not," Joe replied breathlessly. "If he told my dad, I'd sure catch it."

"Huh," Donald scoffed. "I ain't scared of my old man."

"He isn't your real father, though," the other pointed out. "My dad lays on a heavy hand when he's sore, but I'd hate having a stepfather."

"Do you think I'm crazy about it?" Donald demanded. "Just because Lee Fenner knew my father in Germany, is that any reason my mother had to marry the guy?"

"Was he a pilot, too?"

"Yeah. They were in the same squadron." After a pause Donald continued, "My father was only dead a year when Lee Fenner came to town to see my mother. Then he decided to stay here and got a job with the tractor company. He bought a house and the next thing, there was the wedding. But he needn't think he's going to boss me around." Kicking a stone off the road, he declared, "My father was one of the first to fly the corridor in the air lift and he got a medal for making a hundred trips to Berlin before he was killed in the plane crash. This Lee Fenner is only a second-rater."

"He's a nice guy, though, Don. I kinda like him."

THEY HAD reached the outskirts of town and walked on in silence until they came to Oak

Avenue, where they separated. Turning into the side street, Joe reminded, "Don't forget to come over for the ball game after supper, Don."

"I won't. See you later."

As Donald moved on by himself, he thought of the switching Joe might get if his father heard about their swiping cherries. But he himself had nothing to fear. Lee Fenner wouldn't touch him, because once he heard him say he didn't believe in paddling. That was the time his mother was angry when he busted the neighbor's garage window after she told him twice to stop playing there. She wanted his stepfather to spank him, and Lee said he didn't think much of the idea. Lee Fenner wasn't like a father, anyway, even though he was sort of nosey, always asking where you'd been and what you did. He liked to come down to the vacant lot and play ball with the boys. Not just look on like other men did, but actually get in and play. All the kids thought he was a swell egg, but it wasn't fair because whichever side he was on would win. Naturally. Couldn't he smack a ball clean across the street? And couldn't he run like a jack rabbit? No, he wasn't much like a father.

Upon reaching home, Donald entered the kitchen through the back door. His mother said, "You're awfully late, Donnie. Aren't you hungry?"

"But yes," he mumbled.

"What's all that red on your mouth?" she questioned.

He brushed the back of one hand across his lips. "I and Joe had some cherries."

"Were they good and ripe?"

"But yes."

"Hurry and wash up. Supper's on the table."

When he had touched his face with water and slicked back the black locks, he seated himself at the table, where his mother and stepfather were waiting. After asking the blessing, Lee said, "Catch any fish, Boy?"

"But yes," he muttered.

"How many?"

"Three. Gave 'em to Joe."

"I imagine you'd do better farther upstream," his stepfather remarked as he dished up the food. "I'd say just about the swimming hole. Ever try it there?"

"But yes."

"Donnie," his mother rebuked gently, "I wish you'd drop that silly phrase. Every time anyone asks you anything, you say, 'But yes.' It's rather annoying."

In a moment Lee queried, "Go swimming today, Boy?"

"No," he replied flatly as he accepted his plate.

"Do you swim with a breast stroke?"

Stabbing a potato with his fork, he said, "But yes."

"You'd like the Australian crawl, once you learned it, Boy. I'll go with you and Joe one of these days and teach it to you, if you like. How about Saturday?"

"Joe wants to do something else." He thought he ought to be able to learn without any help from Lee Fenner. Knowing his stepfather's eyes were upon him, he looked down at his plate and growled, "I guess I could do a crawl if I wanted to."

"Oh, I see."

No one spoke for a long moment. Donald ate hurriedly until his mother chided, "You are gulping your food, Donnie."

"But yes."

"Won't you please drop that stupid expression?"

"But yes," he said under his breath.

When his mother brought a steaming apple pie for desert, he thought it looked too good to pass up, even though he was anxious to be off for the ball game. He was finishing his pie when the telephone rang. Lee arose and went into the hall to take the call. Listening closely, Donald caught through the open door one side of the conversation. He heard his stepfather say, "But are you sure it was he? . . . You say you'd know Don McBee's son anywhere? And

A Story by
Arthur Rowland

ILLUSTRATION
BY PAUL A. GROUT

you've already seen the other boy's father. . . . Well, I'm sorry and I'll gladly pay damages. . . . Yes, I know, Mr. Powell. But I'll take care of it. And thanks for calling."

DONALD got up from the table. "Excuse me," he said. "Got to get over to the lot and play ball."

He left the room and crossed through the kitchen. Lingered on the back porch, he heard Lee Fenner speaking in muffled tones. But his mother's voice came clearly, "The boy is getting out of hand. I think he needs a good spanking. Then, maybe he'd respect your authority."

Donald went down the steps. Before reaching the side of the house, he was stopped by a stern command, "Wait a minute, Donald."

He turned quickly. He never had heard his stepfather speak in that tone before. Lee's eyes were a cold blue in an expressionless face as he said, "Mr. Powell told me you and Joe went into his orchard and swiped cherries. You left the gate from the pasture open and the cows got into the young corn and did considerable damage."

Looking at the ground, Donald muttered, "I don't know anything

about the old cows getting in the corn."

"But you stole cherries? And you did leave the gate open?"

Knowing a denial was useless, he stood in sullen silence. His stepfather, after waiting patiently for a reply, said, "I consider that a mean trick, Boy."

Donald glanced upward, defiance in his attitude. He wasn't afraid. Lee Fenner wouldn't do a thing but talk. He let out a sneering, "But yes."

Anger in his face, Lee came down the steps. He took a firm hold on the boy's arm. Leading him to the garage, he opened the door, pushed him inside, stooped over and picked up a flat stick off the floor. He held it in his hand for what seemed to Donald an endless time. Suddenly his face softened a little. He tossed the stick aside. "Go to your room," he commanded. "And stay there."

Donald stalked out of the garage, into the house, and to his room. Angrily, he dropped to the edge of the bed. He sat with elbows on his knees, his chin resting in two cupped hands. Just who did Lee Fenner think he was, anyway? Threatening him with a stick! Was he going to beat him when he came in? All this fuss over a few old cherries! And

whose fault was it that the silly cows got into the corn? It was Mr. Powell's own fault, that's whose. The gate would have been closed, all right, if old man Powell hadn't come snooping and chasing them off. Lee Fenner needn't think he could get away with whaling him on account of those cows getting into the corn.

Time dragged on. Still he sat there, silent and bitter. At last a piercing whistle fell on his ears. That was Joe. Joe was out front. He had got tired waiting and came to see what the delay was about. Donald jumped to his feet and to the open window. He easily could drop down to the grass. But that would bring in more grief. He was stuck right here! He had to stay inside, unable to answer Joe's call. All because of Lee Fenner. Lee Fenner was holding up the ball game!

Presently the door opened and his stepfather entered. Lee no longer looked angry, but even smiled a little. He seated himself on the straight-backed chair. After an awkward silence, he said quietly, "Let's get this thing settled, Boy."

Donald stared dourly out the window. In a moment he heard Lee say, "I've always believed boys were made of pretty good stuff and didn't have to have decency pounded into them. Maybe there are a few that don't understand any language except that of a good paddling, though. But I can't picture you as that type, Donald. I thought you'd be a lot like your father, you look so much like him. And if ever there was a square shooter, Don McBee was one." There was a silent wait before he went on, "The man you're named after, Boy, was one of the finest that ever lived. Every Joe in the squadron respected and loved Don McBee. And so did all the little German kids, kids he helped from going hungry. He was fighting for what he believed right, and killed in a crash while doing it. Any boy should feel honored at having such a father. I'm glad I can say he was my friend." After a pause Lee said, "I'm sorry, Boy, that you're not proud to be the son of Don McBee."

Turning about, Donald cried, "I am! I am, too!"

Uneasy

The troubles that beset us,
The little things that fret us,
Loom largest in our minds
From dusk to dawn.

It is often very funny
That when the day is sunny,
By noon our little troubles
All are gone!

It has really set me thinking
That when the stars are winking
And the solemn moon appears to
Close one eye,

They may say to one another:
"What disturbs our little brother?
He never seems quite easy
In the sky."

And I wonder if their mirth
At their little brother Earth
Is caused by funny people
Such as I?

—MARIE MEDORA

"Then, why not try to be like him? Wouldn't you want him to be proud of you?"

Confused, he demanded defiantly, "Why don't you beat me? Why don't you get it over with, if you're going to?"

Lee said quietly, "I'm not going to, Boy."

Donald averted his face, for tears were welling in his eyes, tears he did not want to flow. Shortly he felt a gentle hand fall lightly on his shoulder. He stood tense. He heard a soft voice, "I'm not big enough to fill your father's shoes, Boy. But I know what Don McBee would want you to do. He'd think you ought to go over to Mr. Powell's tomorrow after school and set things right."

The boy was unable longer to restrain the pent-up load; hot tears rolled down his cheeks. His tenseness vanished. Relieved at last of inward doubts and fears and feeling cleansed, he did not resist the pressure of the hand that held him close, a hand secure and strong, of one who understood.

The stillness of the room was broken by a sharp whistle. Roughing the boy's dark hair, Lee Fenner said, "Your pal's out there. Get going, Boy."

Joe was waiting on the grass in front of the house. "It was your fault," he complained. "Who was it wanted to get cherries? Who left the gate open? Yeah, but who gets the switching?"

Donald said quietly, "I caught it, too."

"Did Lee Fenner whale you?" Joe questioned.

"No. But I got to go and apologize to Mr. Powell."

"No kidding?"

"No kidding. And you ought to go along. Maybe we better offer to pay for those cherries, too. It really was stealing."

"I'm broke, Don. But we could offer to help pick 'em."

"Yeah." As they moved on down the street, Donald suggested, "Let's make it swimming next Saturday, Joe."

"Why, Don?"

"Because my dad says he'll teach us the Australian crawl."

Biblegram

By Hilda E. Allen

Directions: Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The black squares indicate word endings. Reading from left to right, filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

- A. A period of seven days -----
- B. Winged insect which emits light at night --
- C. Substance which bees collect from clover----
- D. Way or road traveled, course, journey -----
- E. Straws or reeds used for covering roofs of cottages -----
- F. An assortment of type of one size and style--
- G. The Lone Ranger's horse -----
- H. Abraham's nephew. His wife was turned to stone -----
- I. Molasses candy -----
- J. Gave a contemptuous shout -----
- K. Joseph's brother; the one who didn't want to slay him -----
- L. Sedate, sober -----
- M. Angry, much exasperated -----
- N. The symbol of God's promise never again to flood the world -----
- O. Spotted, soiled -----
- P. A sudden, quick blaze of light -----

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		10	11	
12	13	14		15	16	17		18	19	20	21	22
23	24		25	26	27	28	29		30	31	32	33
	34	35	36		37	38	39	40	41	42	43	
44	45		46	47	48		49	50	51	52		53
54		55	56		57	58	59	60		61	62	63
	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72		73	74
75	76	77		78	79		80	81	82		83	84
85		86	87	88		89	90	91	92	93		94
95	96	97		98	99	100	101		102	103	104	105
	106	107	108		109	110	111	112		113	114	115
116		117	118	119	120	121		122	123	124	125	126
127	128		129	130	131		132	133	134	135	136	

- Q. A game fish, allied to the salmon but smaller -----
- R. Sound, clamor, outcry --
- S. Places of shelter or safety; harbors -----
- T. To gaze at fixedly ----
- U. Sacred cave in which Abraham and Sarah were buried -----
- V. The tanned skin of an animal -----
- W. A contest, combat, battle -----
- X. Rambled along leisurely -----

Before, during,
and after—vacations are fun as . . .

We Travel Together

By Esther Houston

TOGETHER is a magical word when used in speaking of family planning and doing. Together we plan and together we carry out our plans. Each person in our family is an individual with likes and dislikes, interests and ideas. And so each person can make a real contribution to our plans for a family vacation.

Long before the arrival of that last day of school we have been having the fun of making our plans for an enjoyable summer together. We have discussed the particular needs of each member of the family. In Dad's work there is never enough time for physical recreation or light reading. Mom has a stack of magazines that has not been touched and she would certainly welcome the kind of exercise that would help her lose a few pounds. Both Denny and Barbie (ages 15 and 13) like sports, enjoy the beauties of nature and like to swim and read.

Barbie, the conservative one, suggests from the very beginning that we try to decide on a good spot that will not be too far or too expensive. Because of Dad's unexpected trip to California, our vacation is cut short by half and we do not want to spend all the time on the road.

Denny, eager for a real summer tan, would like to be near the water where he could practically

live in his swimming trunks. Three possibilities present themselves.

THE OZARKS are about 150 miles from our home in Kansas. Friends in western Nebraska have invited us to spend time in their cabin on the large reservoir lake which was in the making while we served the Church in North Platte. Travel time would be more but cabin expense less and there would be the added joy of renewing friendships.

The invitation to come to the Rockies to visit relatives was finally put aside in favor of getting off to ourselves. Sometimes the family needs that kind of vacation—getting off alone with a chance to play and relax together.

We discussed all the possibilities, and the decision was finally made. We would accept the Nebraska invitation.

Out came the maps. We studied them to see what places of interest we might see along the way. We would go through Topeka and Lincoln. We had all been to Topeka but the children had never visited the capital of Nebraska. Barbie got out the encyclopaedia and read about Lincoln. One evening she relayed the information on to the rest of us. It would be

interesting to see the Capitol and Nebraska University. We talked of "Old Cotner," one of our church colleges, and how it was being re-established there.

We are always interested in churches and make it a practice to stop occasionally and go through a church building. We note the worship arrangements, pictures used, types of rooms for the different age groups. We enjoy the beautiful stained glass windows and the different types of architecture. We often meet interesting people, sometimes the minister or secretary or perhaps the custodian who takes great pride in a building well kept.

Where would we attend church during vacation? North Platte had built a new sanctuary and educational plant since we were there. It would be interesting to visit there and watch for new ideas for our own church program. A vacation trip can be a very profitable one for the program of the local church if the family is observing.

Off to Nebraska we went with a map all marked as to places and people we wanted to see, our notebook and pencil always handy to jot down things we wanted to re-



—A. Devaney.

File of snapshots like this makes every vacation twice as much fun. The family relive these happy times next winter when blizzards keep them close to the fireplace.

member. Our reactions to church buildings and services were recorded. Though our vacation was brief it was a very happy one. We relaxed. We read. We went boating and swimming. We sang. We went to church and church school. We visited with old friends and made new friends. What more could anyone ask?

But that was *last* summer. During the winter evenings we began to talk about *this* summer. And again we are discovering the joy of planning together.

FAMILY vacations vary according to the ages of the children. When our children were small we tried to plan trips that would be fun but not too tiring. We did not give up long trips but we did take longer time going and coming. I recall our trip to Seattle, Washington. Barbie was two and Deny four. Little folks grow weary of long stretches of riding so we planned for a picnic lunch each day. Everybody helped with the preparation. Even a two-year-old can set out the paper plates and cups. A four-year-old delights in washing the fruit and arranging cookies on a plate. Prayers of thankfulness always included

something of the good time we were having as well as thanking God for food. We played a while before starting on our way again. This period of romping kept all of us from growing weary and the children discovered that we really enjoyed playing with them.

Since the very beginning of our family vacation trips, singing has been a favorite pastime. At first we would sing the short nursery and kindergarten songs. We would see a church and start singing, "Very Softly I Will Walk" or "Jesus Loves Me." Often the children would share with us some interesting experience of church school or we would recall a story. Then there were the songs about animals and nature. As the children grew older we enjoyed harmonizing some of the old hymns. Two favorites are "This Is My Father's World" and "Fairest Lord Jesus." Conference songs are popular now.

There are many good ideas for games to play enroute. Did you ever play Zit? White cows count 5, white horses 10, white goats 15, and white beards 25. Anyone who calls out first, "Zit horse" (or whatever it might be), gets to score so many points. If anyone calls out "Zit horse" and it turns out

not to be a white horse he must deduct the amount from his score. At the end of a designated time the one with high score wins.

"Finding the Alphabet" is fun. Each person watches the advertisements along the way and finds each succeeding letter in the alphabet. The one reaching Z first wins.

Another scoring game is "Plus and Minus." Any church or school on your side of the highway adds ten to your score but each cemetery deducts ten.

Bible Quiz is a good game to play while driving. Each person thinks of a Bible character and makes brief statements concerning that character. The person scores according to the number of statements necessary before he guesses the name of the character. Of course the score is high if he guesses on the very first hint. This can also be played in connection with places of interest along the way.

Those of you who have movie cameras can really enjoy your family vacations for months to come. We do not get the action with our old box kodak but we have spent many a pleasant evening looking through our picture files of vacation trips. How the children cherish the snapshot of themselves making snowballs in August; pictures taken of the bears near our cabin in Yellowstone Park; pictures of interesting spots in Salt Lake City. These and others were taken when we went to Washington State.

A good "after vacation project" is to make files of the trip. This is as much fun as the "before-hand" planning. One of the children first thought of the idea of covering and labeling cigar boxes for our "vacation files." In the boxes we keep our dated kodak pictures, picture postal cards, folders and any notes made concerning the trip. The boxes stack up neatly and the file of any trip can easily be found.

Yes, family vacations are fun! Fun to plan. Fun to enjoy at the time. Fun to record. Family vacations help us to know one another better and we find real joy in just being together!



Tussy-Mussies

By Walter K. Putney

THAT is all that was on that homemade sign in front of the farm house, but two-thirds of the passing autos slowed up to look for a moment at the wonderful garden that straggled across the yard. Some even stopped as they gazed in amazement at the beautiful collection of old-fashioned flowers! A few inquisitive people got out, went to the door, and were met by a smiling old lady whose beaming presence was a hearty welcome in itself. She always greeted them with an enticing tone—

"I am so glad you stopped. I love to have people come and look at my old friends. Wait a moment until I get my shawl and I'll be with you."

In a moment she returned and stepped out of the doorway and down the three rocks serving as steps. Her head was protected by a little gray shawl that looked unworn and almost new, yet seemed to be something out of the past.

"I'm not as spry as I was once," she half apologized. "I catch cold easily and so have to wear this shawl over my head. My, My! What would my mother have said to the hats girls wear today? But that is beside the point; you came to see my garden of old flowers, didn't you?"

"Yes," would come the reply, "and also to ask about that sign out near the road. What are tussy-mussies?"

"Queer sounding, isn't it? A tussy-mussy, in my grandmother's time, was a little bouquet of flowers that a young man presented to a maid when he called on her or when he took her to a party. It was something like the corsage of today but more—well, sort of hit-or-miss assortment of flowers."

"Something like the Sunday posies?"

"O no, much more than was allowed those who wished to carry flowers to the old church or meeting-house. Usually only one flower or perhaps two or three if they were real small—that was the limit and in the early days they called them Sabbath-Day posies. I have some of them in my garden. Would you care to see them? Come right this way."

She led her visitors to a little bed at one side of the garden. Leaning down she spread some leaves so that blossoms were more plainly seen.

"These are what were known as tongue plants or beaver's tongues. Maybe you have heard them called costmary. Aren't they pretty? Over here is a southern wood plant that was very popular in early times for taking to the meetinghouse. Young folks called it kiss-me-quick-and-go."

"I suppose that a young man held it up significantly when he caught the eye of the young lady he admired?" suggested a visitor.

"I presume likely," replied the dear old lady. "Human nature was about the same then as it is now. However, if the tithingman caught him doing so, the young man would have been quite embarrassed. Besides, Sabbath-Day posies were supposed to be concealed in a person's handkerchief and could not be held up to view. That was against the law of the church and, if a person raised his Sabbath-Day posy above his waist, he was not permitted to carry posies to church for a month or more."

"Did they ever carry any large flowers, like lilies?"

"Only the pond lily which grew wild along coves of small lakes or ponds and they were very popular. I know of one family, even today, that has been distributing pond lilies in church for more than two centuries. It all began when the great, great grandfather won the right to carry a lily to meeting, after several years of dispute among people. After that, when pond lilies were in bloom, he would pick all he could carry, take them to the meetinghouse and lay one in each pew that was occupied by a family of friends."

"So the family continued the custom, down through five or six generations. Is that it?"

"Yes, although it is just a kind of form, now. Once each summer, a bunch of lilies is gathered and given to a few of the older ones in the congregation. Now come over here and see some of my other plants. What do you think of those hollyhocks in front of the window? They must be all of eight feet tall."

"And those sunflowers at the corner of the house. I never saw larger ones. I never realized what was in an old-time garden."

"Well, I never call mine an old-time garden because there are many plants that would never be permitted to be present in my great-grandmother's garden. Sunflowers and hollyhocks were not considered aristocratic enough for a place within the little white fence. They belonged at the side of the house. So I say that I have a garden of old-time flowers."

"Little white fence? What was that?"

"Haven't you seen pictures of old homes, with the white fence and its little gate? Every front yard was protected by a fence made of pickets and from the gate a main walk went up to the house. There were side walks that took folks along so that they could see all the beds of old flowers—the long beds of tulips, of all colors, round beds with peonies, and backgrounds of monk's hood. Then there were sweet Williams, iris, columbine, spider lilies, and cannas. I have them all here in my garden but not arranged as our great-grandmothers had them."

"I see you have a number of different roses. Were they in your grandmother's garden, too?"

"Yes, indeed!" The early roses were of single bloom and not very attractive but roses were developed as years passed by and my own grandmother had more than fifty varieties of garden roses. I have a few of them, but I think that the best and prettiest is that banksia over there. Don't you think its clusters are exquisite?"

"Are those the plants from which the tussy-mussies were taken?"

"Some of them but there were many more. Let's go over to the other side of the garden and look at those flowers. Perhaps some of them may not be known to you."

The hostess led her visitors to bed after bed of plants, some in bloom, some in bud and a few gone by. Such queer names as some of them bore and she laughed as she remarked, "I suppose those names seem very strange—sort of, well—mushy, as my grandmother used to say, as if some love-sick maid had named them. Who would ever think, today, of calling a flower 'love lies bleeding', or 'crazy Bet,' or 'headaches.' Of course you recognize those dwarf pansies."

"Yes, indeed," a visitor replied. "My mother called them Johnny-jump-ups."

"My, my, yes!" the flower lady smiled, "That was only one of many names that beloved little pansy had—Kitty—come, three faces under a hood, pink of my Joan, tickle my fancy—those are just a few of them. And did you know that it also has the longest name in the English language?"

"No!" the visitor expressed surprise. "What was that?"

"'Meet-her-in-the-entry-kiss-her-in-the-buttery.' Now isn't that a ridiculous thing to call any flower?"

"I should say it was! Have any more of your plants a group of nicknames like those of the dwarf pansy?"

"Well, there are any number of plants with very odd names. Take the cowslip, for example. That one has more than fifty folk-names—meadow bright, soldiers' buttons, gowans, kingcups, and publicans and sinners. Sometimes you hear cowslips spoken of as giant buttercups, too."

"I remember my own grandmother speaking of a bed of flowers she called her four-o'clocks. Have you any here in your garden?"

"Yes, there is one over there—the one with the light blue blossom. There are half a dozen different plants known as four-o'clocks, just as there are about twenty that are known as bachelors' buttons, several that are called May-flowers, and many different cuckoo flowers."

"And it is from all these that you make up the little bouquets you call tussy-mussies? Do many people buy them?"

"Nobody buys my tussy-mussies," the dear old lady replied, as she smiled. "You see, folks, I am getting along in years and cannot do much for this world. So to make old people like myself happy, I give my tussy-mussies away. Do you know of some nice old ladies who would like some? Here, take this bouquet with you. And be sure to come again, won't you?"

If you
doubt your child's progress, discover what
may be expected of him. You may find . . .

Your Child

IS

Learning the Christian Way

By Hazel A. Lewis

DOES a child begin the Christian life when he makes his confession of faith in Christ and becomes a member of the church? As an avowed Christian, yes. But he begins to learn the Christian way as soon as he begins to choose one way of acting because it is good and to reject another that is bad. In the beginning he will not identify the good way as Christian but before long he will associate it with persons and places that are Christian. His realization that it is the Christian way will come gradually.

Experiences always come before labels. Kindness is only a word until a child has himself done something that is kind and heard the word associated with the deed; or until he has received a kindness which he understands as such. Learning the Bible verse, "Be ye kind, one to another," has little value until a child has found satisfaction in being kind.

The child who wanted all the blocks in the Nursery Class found out under the guidance of a teacher that it was more fun when other children had blocks, too, and could build houses for his train to come to. Of course that was just normal social growth. But he associated the experience with the church. One thing he loved in the

Nursery Class room was the simple line drawing of Jesus and the Children (Cizek), and that was part of the association. As weeks went by he learned to think "Blocks are for everybody." That is the beginning of a Christian social order.

The chief advantage that a nursery class has over the child's home is that in the group he has contacts with a number of children his own age and must learn to give and take. But the great advantage of the home is that a child is in it so many more hours that his needs as well as his development can be observed and guided. He may share blocks in the Nursery Class at church but be unwilling to share his own toys when children come to play with him in his home. Or he may give up too easily in the one situation and contend vigorously for his rights in the other. In these, as in many matters, the home and church need each other.

WHEN parents report to teachers what the child's need seems to be and teachers report to parents how the child reacts in the church school, both can guide the child more intelligently. When Linda aged three has heard in the Nursery Class the story "Nancy Learns

to Be Brave,"¹ and perhaps has played mother or nurse taking care of a hurt doll, she has had a "pretend" experience which will be far more likely to carry over into a real situation at home if mother knows about the church school experience. The same is true of sharing toys, taking turns and many child-life situations which are very real and recur frequently in the home. What have they to do with religion? Well, religion has certainly much to do with them. In fact, they *are* the Christian way for a three-to-four-year-old child.

The religious significance of these experiences is set forth in the fifty-two leaflets *Home Guidance in Religion*. Each one has a Bible or child-life picture, a story, sometimes a prayer or simple song. The two inside pages have inspiration and suggestions for parents. Some churches send these leaflets home in quarterly sets while others give one to the child when he attends. The latter plan has many disadvantages including the fact that very little children should not attend the Nursery Class when they are even slightly ill or emotionally upset. Besides, the situation

¹No. 17, *Home Guidance in Religion*, by Eva B. McCallum.

which makes appropriate the story and suggestions in a particular *Home Guidance* leaflet may not occur in the home the week following their use in the church school. It is important for parents to have such material for use in their own way and at the right time. If the church does not provide the *Home Guidance* leaflets in quarterly sets, parents should ask for them. There are even some parents who want the entire series for the year to use when the situation calls for them. The suggestions for the parents' Bible reading help them to attain for themselves a Christian attitude toward the guidance they will give their children.

HOW can children be helped to feel the religious meaning of doing what is right, without the use of the slightest suggestion of a threat? To say "God is angry when you act like that" does violence to the child's growing conception of the perfect love of God and of love for others which is basic Christian teaching. It may lead to the feeling that God is not fair, for in childish conflicts each child feels that he is right. It is better to use good situations as opportunities for religious interpretation. When a child has had a happy day with playmates it is easy to say, "What a good time you and Jimmie had! It's usually that way when we remember to 'Be kind to each other.'" Singing "Friendly Ways"² quite spontaneously in connection with such a situation would be another way of emphasizing the good way.

When a child has had a "bad time" in the family or in playing with other children it does no good to remind him of his fault. He should feel that his parents and God are "with him," are sorry for his failure and want to help him do better. A prayer at evening might be as simple and direct as this:

Dear God: Jimmy and his friends had a bad time today. He is sorry. He wants to do better. He will try to remember to be kind as you want every body to be.

Amen.

²No. 44, *My Bible Leaflet*, Kindergarten Graded Lessons.



—Eva Luoma.

As these children play together at home they learn the meaning of "Be kind to each other." Such play for them is Christian living.

Such a prayer could only follow a brief conversation about the situation. A child should not be made to have a sense of guilt, rather of temporary failure that he can overcome. The prayer should express his own feelings and may be very informal and specific.

THE OLDER children grow the more complicated their personal relationships become, both for themselves and for their parents. How to protect them from undesirable groups without giving them feelings of superior goodness is not a problem with an easy solution. Making new friends during the vacation season or when starting

to school in the fall, generally leads to new standards of conduct. "But, Billy does it!" and "That's the way Mary Lou does," are familiar to the ears of every mother. If family relations are close enough and ideals high enough they have some chance to combat outside influences. When a parent says, "In this family we think this way is right," a child is given help in his effort to do what he thinks is right. But the family must have found the Christian way in setting up its ideals if they are to be worthy to serve as the basis of personal relationships. By the time children are seven and eight years old the words "the Chris-

tian way” can be used in discussing the right way to act in a certain situation.

The church school can help but it can also complicate the family’s problems unless parents and teachers work together. In July, seven-year-old children may be working on the unit, “Thinking of Others.” The song, “Learn Well One Lovely Rule,”³ is suggested for singing at home and, a little later, “Whenever I work, and whenever I play.”⁴ These two songs could have a very definite Christian influence on a child’s personal relationships during the free play of the summer months. Suggestions such as these are given for home activities “see that your child feels responsible for new children in your neighborhood this summer. Encourage him to invite them to play in your yard.”⁵ “If possible, arrange a play experience for your child with another child who is younger, physically handicapped, or of a different race, color, or economic status.”⁶

Each family presents a different set of experiences, which must be taken into account. But the basic Christian doctrine of love for God and for others is practical, whatever the circumstances.

BOYS and girls nine to eleven certainly live full and sometimes complicated lives, these days. Finding the Christian way is not easy and it affects so many things. There are the questions, “What Do We Do With Our Time?” and “How Shall I Choose My Books?”⁷ Questions like these can be discussed in the church school in the light of the teachings of the Bible, and children can make plans for doing what is right, but it is in the home that problems must be solved and parents are in the best position to help. Helping a child to make a schedule for the summer, to discover a Christian test for a good time, to plan his reading, to read aloud in the family group,⁸ are all

³Leaflet 40, Primary Graded Bible Leaflet, Year 2.

⁴Leaflet 48, same series.

⁵“Message to Parents,” Primary Graded Lessons, Second Year, Summer Quarter.

⁶Unit, “Choosing Things to Do,” First Year Junior Graded Lessons, Summer Quarter.

⁷Message to Parents, First Year Junior, Summer Quarter.

Useful Waiting Time

By Lydia Lion Roberts

YOU NEVER SEEM to mind waiting,” said a friend when I had told of an experience with delayed trains. “I can’t bear to wait. It makes me nervous and irritable because there are so many things I want to be doing.”

Unfortunately there are many times when we all have to do some waiting, but instead of time lost it can be a useful time for catching up on odds and ends. Waiting does not necessarily mean doing nothing. Much of my week’s planning is done while I wait for friends, cars and appointments, or when irregular connections between trains, busses, and boats are unavoidable. I have re-read letters, scanned children’s schoolwork, selected poems and articles to be sent to friends, and cleaned my handbag of out-of-date notes in these bits of unexpected time.

Part of every woman’s day consists in planning for the week ahead, and outlines may be made efficiently in the few moments or more spent in waiting to meet someone at lunch, or when one arrives early at a concert or theater. It gives one the free time to decide on the week’s menu, make out a budget, outline a letter, list engagements or jot down addresses that are important to remember.

The best plan to make one’s waiting worth while is to keep a pencil, notebook, and reading matter always at hand. Please note the word, “always,” because one never knows when unforeseen waits will occur. If one does not wish to carry a book there are clippings or pamphlets concerning the special interests of one’s life which may be slipped into an envelope or a handbag. There are so many interesting book reviews, editorials, suggestions for the home or office that one may mean to read, but put aside until later. Have a pile of these all cut out and ready, and tuck them into your pocket or bag whenever going to meet people or on a shopping tour or trip.

Another way to gain time instead of losing it, is to keep several postcards or greeting cards in one’s bag ready to be used for a quick message to friends. Sometimes it’s fun to draw a picture or write a verse on a card and send it to a little boy or girl. Busy people can get an amazing lot of extra things done when they utilize and enjoy their waiting times.

ways of giving Christian guidance.

Some ten-years-olds will be thinking at church school about “Teamwork,” “Finding the Best in Others” and a number of related problems. What have these to do with Christian living? After all, the final solution will be found only in the teachings of Jesus. Read together in the family Luke 6:27-36 and talk frankly about what Jesus’ words would mean in various practical situations. The home is the one place where a child should be able to talk about

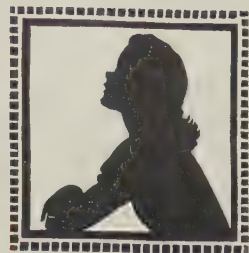
his personal problems, sure of sympathetic understanding.

To be able to look at life objectively, to face disappointments with courage, to see the other person’s point of view, to discern and be willing to follow the Christian way are high achievements toward which children must be moving if they are ever to arrive. They need the warmth of Christian family living and the guidance of parents who are themselves seeking to follow the example and teaching of Jesus.

The Girl Friend

and

The Boy Friend



By Percy Hayward*

TIDE and wind made the breakers high and exciting that summer day at Cape May on the Atlantic Coast. So we all, novice and expert alike, went out to "jump" them. Some of us, ignorant of their power—a power seeming to have three thousand miles of ocean behind it—jumped them too soon in our eagerness; and that power caught us amidships, inverted us neatly, and sent us tumbling and sputtering in discomfiture to the beach. Others, wise enough to delay and to obey the law in the breakers, waited, waited, and jumped right. That same power lifted them then, gently, so gently, bore them upward in a new and thrilling experience, and set them down on their feet at the shore with the consciousness of having been in the strong and beneficent arms of the mighty deep.

And, said I in my heart, that is the way it is with the tide of power in the sex life of mankind: it comes to us with the force of the ages of human life; and those who meet it and use it in ignorance of its real nature, who will not wait to use it wisely, are broken and beaten and cast up by it as waste on the shores of life; while those who wisely wait to obey its real nature are lifted by it into a new experience that will bless and empower them forever more.

How is it then, you may ask, that some people mess up this business of their sex life and others handle it wisely and well? How does a person find out how to jump those pesky breakers right, before he jumps them at all?

People learn in two ways: sometimes they learn without knowing that they are learning, and sometimes they know they are learning. This article deals with the first. Next month we shall handle the second.

How can a person learn to be wise in his sex life without knowing he is learning it? He does it when he is unconsciously gaining the feelings, attitudes, habits of thought, and principles of living that are going to control the details of his conduct. When he gets the habit of thinking about certain things that are clean and wholesome instead of the opposite, when he thrills to new facts about the stars instead of the recent doings of certain movie stars, he is mastering this matter of the relations between the sexes. This may sound philosophical, so let us bring this idea out of the clouds down to earth.

LOOK at the picture of the boy lying on the living-room floor, his whole being concentrated on a new and strange contraption—not a model airplane but a new baby. The baby, too, is on his stomach wearing a smile of self-congratulation as big as all outdoors. This is what a healthy and normal boy is completely absorbed in.

His absorption tells much to those who can read it. One can be fairly certain that when his mother began to get bulky around the waist, she didn't evade his looks and queries, tell him a lie, or leave him to find the answer from some older boy or man behind the barn. In many modern homes she would tell him before the bulkiness began and soon find him washing the dishes without being asked because, in the new family project in which she took so central and conspicuous a part, her strength must be conserved. There was, no doubt, a sensible father in that family. If there were other children, they, too, had shared happily in the new interests and assignment of responsibilities that a baby imposes on his home even before his arrival. The discussable details of the event had been mentioned in as casual a manner as the plans for this summer's garden or vacation.

The first of two articles for those in or interested in the teens

*Editor Emeritus, *International Journal of Religious Education*.

This family was probably somewhat like the family I met yesterday making its way down the long lobby of a hospital. My fleeting glimpse could not take them all in but one part of it stood out like a cameo. A boy of nine or ten was carrying a girl. Their ages were uncertain but I knew that he was a small chap to be carrying a girl of *that* size. She held on with both arms around his neck and he walked with his limbs at such angles as to show that both were used to it. She was probably lame. He seemed as interested in the family project of the moment, as indifferent to his own evident personal discomfort, as any middle-aged parent you ever saw.

Time would fail me to tell of the many other ways in which growing boys and girls are in contact with phases of life that become the unconscious but powerful overtones of the relations between the sexes that grow out of the basic sex life of mankind. After all, these contacts all tie up in the fact that boys and girls in the average home with a father and mother are always a part of this mysterious power we call sex. Why? Because the fact of their father and mother living together and doing so because one

is a man and the other a woman and because they wanted to live together, spreads the panorama of sex life before their growing child. *This* is sex, they are saying by their daily lives: falling in love, getting married (with pictures of the wedding around home), starting a home, saving the pennies, nursing each other when sick, having babies and walking the floor with them. Long before the children learn that for some folk hot kisses in the dark are all there is to sex, they have become aware, even without sensing it, that the everyday life of Dad and Mom is the real thing when it comes to this "sex business." Sometimes these matters are talked over in the family circle, the courting days of the parents are reviewed even with humor at spots, and the unconscious influence of the parental union becomes wisely pervasive.

ON A foundation like this the contacts of boys and girls with those of other homes come along naturally. When boys and girls meet together through tennis or swimming, books or music, hikes or camping, the church committee on worship or the high school debating team—then this business of

learning about sex when a fellow doesn't know he is learning about it spreads out beyond the home into the wider social world. And lucky indeed are the parents and their children when these two worlds, the home and widening social contacts, begin and grow along together, enriching each other by what one alone can supply. To nurture such a home is the most important business to which parents can devote their lives.

Not a word has been said about petting, or the drinking orgies of the teens so prominent in newspapers of late, or how early can boys and girls date? Next month we will deal with these important matters. Experience has shown that young folks who get started right on the things we have discussed so far take these other problems in their stride. For what a fellow carries around inside himself—his habits and attitudes, his daydreams, his hobbies, his ideals and standards, his religion—are much more important than any bright ideas he can recall from this or any article the first time the drinks, powered by the social pressure of his group, are passed around. Many young people I have known have passed these tests with flying colors. They now march in imagination past my window, and they have these marks on them:

1. They grew up in or sought out homes of the kind described.
2. Their social groups outside fitted that kind of home.
3. They enjoyed work, study, home, school, sport, and fun.
4. They had alert minds reaching for new things. They had a variety of hobbies but not too many.
5. Through church and youth groups, and often Christian summer camps, they found the support of a religious life.

And so, when they went to parties their parents could say, as one did to me, "I never worry about my Bill, where he is or what he does. *I know him too well for that.*"



—Monkmeyer.

—Hunton.

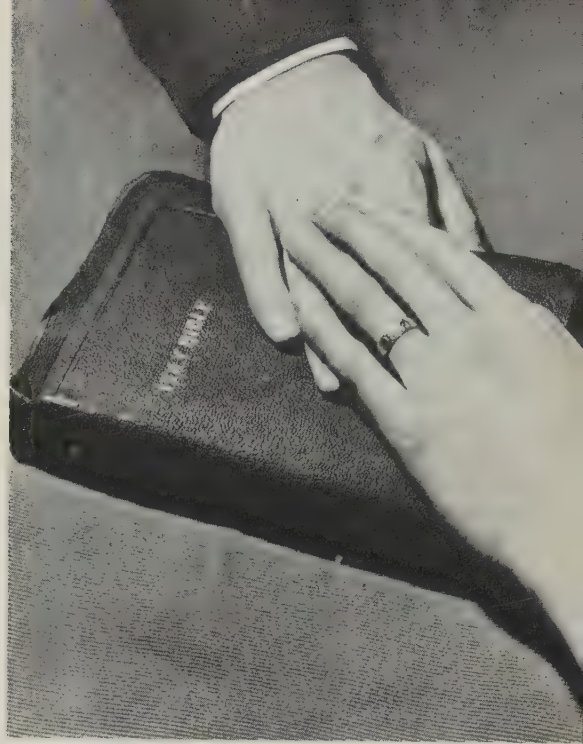
Paul is fascinated with Baby Billy. The baby is a family project, Paul taking an interest in his birth and care. Such a home life leads a child into the teens with a natural, healthy outlook toward the opposite sex.

By Lois Rea

Celebrate

Your

Anniversaries



—K.N.S.

IN MY acquaintance there is an older couple who have learned to live together in such harmony that it is impossible to be near them without being aware of the radiant regard in which they hold each other. One day when a discussion arose about how all good marriages grow better with the years, I was bold enough to ask her, "Did you and your husband ever quarrel when you were younger?"

"Not very often," she answered, "When things came along to upset me I used to repeat to myself the words of my wedding vow: 'I take thee . . . for better, for worse, in sickness and health, in riches and poverty, as long as we both shall live.' After transporting my imagination back to the spirit of that day, my anger always melted away. Any issue between us seemed small in comparison with our love and there was always some way to work it out without recriminations and harsh words."

It is likely that every wise wife has a magic trick of one kind or

another that she uses to preserve her marriage relationship untarnished. The habit of stopping to take stock before speaking out in anger has been recommended for generations. But in Mrs. Palmer's revelation I was struck by her deliberate recalling of the mood of the marriage day—that is surely more significant than a mere counting to ten!

Here is solid ground for recommending that we resolve not to let the annual anniversaries of our wedding day slip by without appropriate ceremonies. Even if we have found mates so superior that their vagaries never tempt us to annoyance or anger, here is perfect occasion once a year for lifting ourselves again to the spiritual vision which enthralled us when we stood at the altar. Ordinary life, which is for most of us so filled with routines and responsibilities, can do with a touch of exaltation whenever we can find it!

A STOCK American joke is the one about the husband who never can remember the date of his own

wedding and the wife who weeps into her pillow at night because of her disappointment. I am sure that Mrs. Palmer never gave her husband a chance to forget. It is a wife's special prerogative to instill into her marriage all the sentimental customs which she feels will enrich the relationship.

Women and elephants are supposed to have good memories. It is a simple matter to remark, several days before the occasion, "The tenth is our anniversary. What would you think of having the Martins and the Daltons over to help us celebrate?" There hardly lives a man with soul so dead that he will not respond to such a suggestion, and the details of the party can be worked out together. It can be as formal or as informal as tastes and circumstances decree—even Emily Post says that for anniversary celebrations there is only one rule to follow: that they be geared to commemorate the happiness of husband and wife.

It isn't necessary, of course, to have a party in order to stage a celebration. Many young couples, during the first few years of their marriage, enjoy nothing more than

dressing up and going out alone together to dinner or the theater as they used to do during their courtship. Others try to worship in the church where they were married, if it is near enough to attend. There are people who go for years to the same special place, because it brings back to them the associations which first brought them together. But after a while, when children have come into the family circle, it is often easier and more meaningful to commemorate anniversaries at home.

IF YOU can't bring yourself at first to have a party in honor of yourselves, why not try a party for another couple who are good friends of yours? The first anniversary is traditionally known as the paper one and it is easy to give a surprise paper shower for someone else. Here are a few suggestions to keep in mind:

If you need an ice-breaker, greet guests at the door with paper bags which you will tie around their right hands. These cannot be removed until they have shaken hands with everyone who is present. This little game is known as "Paper Friendship" and if you need another one it can be followed by "Dress Parade." The latter consists in giving each guest some brown wrapping paper, a few newspapers and some straight pins, then requiring him to create a costume for himself, representing a fictional or historical character. This assignment can be given to teams instead of to individuals, if they are reluctant to try it on their own.

An attractive mantel or buffet decoration can be made from a roll of paper toweling. The roll stands upright with from 24 to 30 inches of towel unrolled in scroll effect. Across the part that is unrolled, print in large letters, "Happy Anniversary to Mary and Tom." If the party is a shower, the guests will have brought with them simple gifts of paper such as plates, cups and spoons, napkins and towels, writing paper, calendars, notebooks, desk blotters, shelf and dusting paper, etc. These can be hidden about the house with clues for the anniversary couple to follow,

or presented as prizes for certain stunts you ask them to perform. Or they may be piled on a platter and brought out with the refreshments.

There are endless paper and pencil games which can be played if your guests like them and any game book is full of paper stunts. Refreshments should be served with paper plates and napkins, so must of necessity be simple ones.

UNTIL comparatively modern times, there were only about five anniversaries which were customarily celebrated. The diamond anniversary at the close of sixty years is not reached by many couples: the fiftieth or golden anniversary is celebrated by only a fraction of the people who reach the silver one, or twenty-fifth. This last has always been the outstanding one for most couples, but the first, fifth, tenth and fifteenth have been popular too.

Lately there has been a growing interest in all the earlier ones and the official list of appropriate gifts and decorations now looks like this:

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Paper | 4. Silk, flowers, books or fruit |
| 2. Cotton or calico | 5. Wood |
| 3. Leather | |

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------|
| 6. Candy or iron | 13. Lace |
| 7. Wool | 14. Ivory |
| 8. Pottery or electrical appliances | 15. Crystal |
| 9. Willow or straw | 20. China |
| 10. Tin or aluminum | 25. Silver |
| 11. Steel | 30. Pearl |
| 12. Linen | 35. Coral or jade |
| | 40. Ruby or emerald |
| | 45. Sapphire |
| | 50. Golden |
| | 60. Diamond |

Glancing down the list we note that the gifts grow progressively rarer and more expensive. Unless the party is a shower given by friends, gifts are not obligatory. Intimate friends may take them if they wish and in the case of the silver and gold anniversaries anything remotely resembling silver and gold is perfectly acceptable. For instance, white note paper with a silver border, or in the case of the fiftieth, anything which is gold or yellow in color.

Informal parties are usually given for all the earlier anniversaries. A house warming or stork shower may be made to coincide with the anniversary date. If giving one for yourselves, a calico fancy dress party for the second and a barn party or treasure hunt for the fifth may appeal to your



"Why that's funny—he left for the office over an hour ago!"

imagination. For the tenth one, a hobo party or barbecue, using tin plates and cups, is a good idea. Ten cent store gadgets made of tin will serve nicely as the gifts or favors.

THE FIFTEENTH, or crystal anniversary, is an ideal occasion for a buffet supper or a formal dinner. After 15 years of wedded bliss we should be in the mood for exerting a little extra effort to celebrate success. A white damask table cloth shows off your best crystal and glass to advantage. Garden flowers in crystal bowls furnish the best possible decorations; tall candles in appropriate colors, with glass holders of course, will add gayety and sparkle.

If you need a theme for this one, how about a Fifteen Years Ago party? Invite people who were married about the same time you were. Test their memories with a quiz about some of the events of that year which they should remember but probably won't. If you can collect instrumental recordings of songs which were popular at that time, pass out paper and pencils and see how many of your guests can write

down the proper titles as you play them.

By the time the 25th anniversary comes along, the list of people you'd like to invite is apt to be a long one. If this is the case, an afternoon tea or an evening reception is in order. A beautiful wedding cake, with the traditional ring, coin and thimble, will be the *pièce de résistance* and punch or tea and coffee may be served with it. Some hostesses wear their wedding gowns for this occasion if they have saved them and if their waist is still the proper size. Sometimes a minister is invited to read the wedding ceremony again and the vows are renewed. Many try to have as many of the members of their original wedding party as are available stand with them to receive the guests. If the earlier anniversaries have been recognized as they have come along, this party will practically give itself. Often the sons and daughters of the household arrange the reception and give it for their parents.

IN GIVING any sort of party the important thing is to plan one that you and your husband will enjoy. If you are having a good time

yourself, your guests are bound to feel relaxed and at ease. Nothing is gained by striving after effects or wearing yourself out with over-elaborate preparations. On the other hand, the shining up of the house which any entertaining seems to inspire is good for the morale and keeps us on our toes. All of us need to fight that "will to be dreary" which tempts us to settle into a rut and stay there. Don't be afraid to invite new people occasionally or to do something entirely original and different if you feel like it.

Dorothy Draper, in *Entertaining Is Fun*, gives this sound recipe for a successful party: "Take what you've got; mix well with imagination, courage, a dash of humor and the desire to enjoy life. The result is guaranteed to please."¹

Do you have an anniversary coming up? Be thinking about how you can do it justice. Happiness grows through sharing and a happy home is enhanced by the friends who frequent it.

¹For other suggestions consult: *The Cokesbury Shower Book*, Katherine Fite and Garland Clawson Paine, Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, 1941; *All About Parties*, Nina Kaye, Crown Publishers, 1938.

HOPEFUL HERBERT

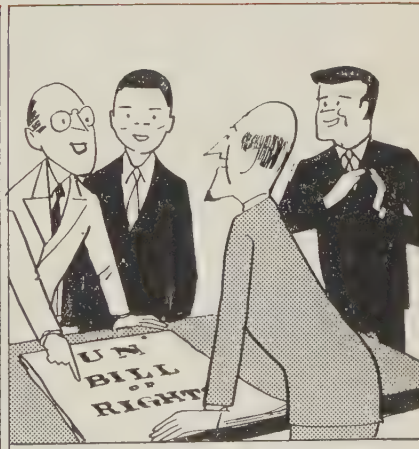
BY KAULEE



Hopeful Herbert reads the papers all the way from front to back. And he finds good news a-plenty that the headlines often lack. So while other folks are worried about constant big-power fights, Herbie's beaming at the columns that report on human rights.



Herbie knows that while some countries very often disagree. Still the folks of every nation all are yearning to be free— Free to meet and speak and worship, when and where and how they please, Be they white or black or yellow, Hottentot or Javanese.



That's why Herbie's so excited that the nations big and small, Passed a U.N. Declaration to advance the rights of all. And that delegates assembled have agreed to set their sights On a world-wide confirmation of a U.N. Bill of Rights.

2

Herbie's glad U.S. support is helping U.N. strength increase. For he knows that human freedom is the cornerstone of peace.

Summer Praise

All things beautiful and fair,
Earth and sky and balmy air,
Sunny field and shady grove,
Gently whisper, "God is love."

Every tree and flower we pass,
Every tuft of waving grass,
Every leaf and opening bud
Seems to tell us "God is good."

Little streams that glide along,
Verdant, mossy banks among,
Shadowing forth the clouds above,
Softly murmur, "God is love."

—SOURCE UNKNOWN

The Summer Days

The summer days are come again,
With sun and cloud between,
And fed alike by sun and rain,
The trees grow broad and green.

Spreads broad and green the leafy tent,
Upon whose grassy floor
Our feet, too long in cities pent,
Their freedom find once more.

The summer days are come again;
Once more the glad earth yields
Her golden wealth of ripening grain;
And breath of clover fields,

And deepening shade of summer woods,
And glow of summer air,
And winging thoughts, and happy mood
Of love and joy and prayer.

The summer days are come again;
The birds are on the wing;
God's praises, in their lovely strain,
Unconsciously they sing.

We know who giveth all the good
That doth our cup o'erbrim;
For summer joy in field and wood
We lift our song to Him.

—SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

The poems on these pages may be used in family worship, or to point up some of the experiences which come to children in the more leisurely days of summer. See "We Travel Together," page 12, and "Vacation at Home," page 32.

WORSHIP IN THE

with



Sunshine

The beautiful, bright sunshine,
That smiles on all below,
The waving trees, the cool, soft breeze,
The rippling streams that flow,
The shadows on the hillsides,
The many tinted flowers;
O God, how fair thy loving care
Has made this earth of ours!

—SOURCE UNKNOWN

Worship Grow

WORSHIP is most meaningful to children when it is the spontaneous outgrowth of an experience. When adults are alert to see a child's awe and wonder as he feels beauty, has a happy time, or has any uplifting experience, it may be pointed up for him by reading an appropriate verse of Scripture or by a brief prayer.

The experiences of summer lend themselves to worship. As the days lengthen and hot weather comes, your child may ask, "What makes it hot?" or "Why is it still light when I go to bed?" Explaining God's good plan for the earth can be a worshipful experience for both child and parents. This verse may enrich such an experience:

The day is thine, the night also is thine:
Thou hast prepared the light and the sun.
Thou hast set all the borders of the earth:
Thou hast made summer and winter.

—Psalm 74:16-17.

As children see the growth and development of nature, they may ask, "What makes flowers grow?" "How do vegetables change?" or "When will our tree have apples on it?" This is another opportunity to explain God's good plan for the earth. There are many verses of Scripture which you might read to your child at such a time. This is an example:

And there he maketh the hungry to dwell,
That they may prepare a city of habitation,
And sow fields, and plant vineyards,
And get them fruits of increase.

—Psalm 107:36-37.

Children



Prayers and Graces

Thank you, God, for summer. Blue sky, warm sun, trees, flowers and growing vegetables, make us think of you. Thank you for your good plans for us. Amen.

The food on which our bodies feed,
The pleasant things we see;
For planning for each daily need,
We give our thanks to Thee.
Amen.

Our Father, we are grateful to thee for all good gifts which make our lives more pleasant. Accept our thanks for food, for happy times, and for our loving family. Amen.

Sometimes children resent having to do chores. Sometimes they resent the work of their parents, especially if it prevents an excursion. Work is a part of God's plan for the world. When a child understands that he may work with God, his tasks take on new dignity and importance. This verse may help a child to have a feeling of satisfaction in what he does:

He that gathereth in summer is a wise son.
—Proverbs 10:5a.

Observing the signs of nature that indicate changes of weather may give a child an interesting activity which may develop into a hobby; it may take his mind off the unpleasantness that rain or heat may bring; it may give him insight into the laws of nature and a greater understanding of how God's laws operate,

Who causeth the vapors to ascend from the ends
of the earth;
Who maketh lightnings for the rain;
Who bringeth forth the wind out of his treas-
uries.

—Psalm 135:7.

Jesus observed these signs of nature, and used them as illustrations as he taught the people.

He also said to the multitudes, "When you see a cloud rising in the west, you say at once, 'A shower is coming'; and so it happens. And when you see the south wind blowing, you say, 'There will be scorching heat'; and it happens."

—Luke 12:54-56.

God of the Earth, the Sky, the Sea

God of the earth, the sky, the sea,
Maker of all above, below,
Creation lives and moves in thee;
Thy present life through all doth flow.

Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,
Thy life is in the quickening air;
When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow,
There is thy power, thy law is there.

We feel thy calm at evening's hour,
Thy grandeur in the march of night,
And when the morning breaks in power,
We hear thy word, "Let there be light!"

—SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

The Earth Is the Lord's

"The earth is the Lord's,
And the fullness thereof."

The fruit now forming on the trees,
The golden honey of the bees;
Red roses rambling on a wall
And slender poplars standing tall.

"The earth is the Lord's,
And the fullness thereof."

The grassy lawns beneath our feet,
And garden vegetables we eat;
The cool, clear water from the spring
And ivy vines that twine and cling.

"The earth is the Lord's,
And the fullness thereof."

The happy homes along our street,
The churches where the people meet
To worship God and sing their praise
For all the joys of summer days.

"The earth is the Lord's,
And the fullness thereof."

—MABEL NIEDERMEYER McCaw

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This litany, or responsive prayer, may be used in family worship. It may be used as a table grace, the entire group saying the verse of Scripture, one member reading the successive thoughts, and the family responding with the verse.

The Mysterious Letter Thief

Judy and Billy help Grandma catch the robbers who stole her letters.

By Grace V. Schillinger

GRANDMA AND GRANDPA'S ten grandchildren loved to visit them during summer vacation. Of course they couldn't all come at once. Grandma's house wouldn't hold them all. So two children came at a time.

Judy and Billy, who were eight-year-old twins and lived on a farm, came to visit the first week after school was out.

After they'd put away their clothes Grandma said, "Children, I want you to help me solve a mystery!"

"A mystery!" repeated Billy. "That sounds exciting! What kind of mystery?"

"Let's go find Grandpa in the flower garden. I can tell you better outside."

Grandma heard Grandpa hammering out in his little workshop beyond the grape arbor.

"There's Old Crafty!" cried Billy. The pet crow flew from Grandpa's shoulder to the rafter above his head. From his place he eyed Billy with a wise look.

"Now, tell us about the mystery, Grandma," begged Judy.

"There's a thief around here!" said Grandma in a low voice. "We don't know who it is but maybe you children can help us find out."

"What does he steal?" Judy snuggled closer to Grandma.

"Every day for the past two weeks this thief has been coming. No one ever sees him. No one hears him. But he steals just the same." Grandma watched the excited eyes of her grandchildren. "He steals my letters out of our mailbox!"

"Your letters? What would anybody want with your letters?" Billy looked puzzled.

"That's what we can't figure out. But you see, I like to get letters from my children and my friends. When this thief steals them, I don't get any."

"Can't you be at the mailbox when the mailman comes?" Judy asked.

"He comes at different times, Judy. Whenever I'm not there waiting then my letters are missing."

"Let's walk to the mailbox, Grandma," said Billy. "I'd like to look things over."

Past the rose bushes and the bird bath they walked. Grandma opened the little rustic gate and waited for them to pass through. "These shrubs along the fence shut out the view so I can't see the mailbox from

the house." Grandma shook her white head. "I just don't know why anybody would want to steal my letters."

"The door of the mailbox isn't shut, Grandma," said Billy. "Look! It's hanging down there in front!"

"Oh, sure, that's always open. Mr. and Mrs. Billy Wren have a nest in the back. One day after the mailman came the door was left open. That afternoon the wrens started building their nest in it. We didn't have the heart to tear it out. So . . . they are still there. The babies are almost ready to fly."

Billy and Judy peeked in.

"Maybe when the mailman leaves a letter, one of the birds pushes it out and then . . . maybe the wind blows it away," suggested Billy.

"I hardly think so," chuckled Grandpa, "but of course, it could happen that way."

"Will you let Judy and me play detective tomorrow morning? We'll hide over there behind the fence in the bushes. Maybe we could find out who it is." Billy looked up at his grandma's face.

"Why, that's a fine idea!" she said. "If you children can find out who it is, we'll all go to town tomorrow night and get ice cream sundaes."

When they went back toward the house, Grandma said, "I guess it's about dinner time. You children stay outside with Grandpa. I'll call you when I get dinner ready."

Grandpa and the two children sat down on the rustic lawn seat. They could see Grandma through the kitchen window. "Look at Old Crafty Crow over there! What is he doing with that piece of red string?" asked Billy.

"It looks like he's trying to make a nest like the other birds around here. But he isn't," answered Grandpa. "He picks up everything bright. It's funny how bright and shining things will attract a crow. Just his nature, I guess."

The next morning the children could hardly wait till it was time for the mailman. At last Grandma said, "All right, children, let's go down to the end of the garden fence and hide. It is about time for the mailman."

"Are you coming, too, Grandma? Oh, goody! It

(See page 42.)

Touchy the Turtle

With three dots Cousin Tom
solves a problem and saves himself from drowning.

By Glenn Asquith



COUSIN TOM, the bachelor cat, was sitting outside his little house in his swing chair. Now he had been very clever to make this swing chair. First he had tied a piece of clothesline to a hook in the barn and then he had tied the other end of the clothesline to the branch of a small tree. Next he took his favorite birch-bark chair and tied some clothesline to the arms, and then he hung the chair on the line with two big clothespins. When he sat in this swing chair the wind blew him back and forth and made him drowsy. In fact he was all asleep except for the teeniest bit of one yellow eye, when—what do you think?—a great **BANG** behind him scared him so that he jumped out of his chair so fast that he landed on his own doormat and skidded right off the doorstep down the little hill at the corner of the barn just as if he were on a sled! And at the foot of the hill he tumbled off the doormat into the pansy patch!

Patience Poodle, the little housekeeper dog, came running to the door of the three-room house. She cried out, "Cousin Tom, O Cousin Tom! Someone has just stolen our doormat!"

Of course no one had stolen the doormat. The old bachelor cat had taken it himself, by mistake and not meaning to at all. So he very politely carried the doormat up the little hill and put it down smoothly on the doorstep.

"Cousin Tom," said Mrs. Poodle, quite severely, too, "you are all pansy pollen. You must get your cat-tail whisk broom and brush yourself off. I have an errand for you to do."

"An errand, Patience? Of course I shall be glad to run an errand, but what was the bang that woke me up?"

"I did not hear a bang, Tom. I was making so much noise with the new tin-can vacuum cleaner that it is no wonder. Did you hear a real bang, or did you dream it, Tom?"

"Shhh!" whispered the bachelor cat, "I think I see the bang's tail around the corner there."

"Now, Cousin Tom," laughed little Patience, "Who ever heard of a bang having a tail?"

But Cousin Tom was not listening. He was slowly creeping along on tiptoe, on four tiptoes, toward that tail. All at once he leaped and came down right on that tail and grabbed it with his paws. Whoever owned the tail yelled in surprise.

Well, to make a long story short, that tail belonged to Flippy Squirrel. Flippy was always playing jokes. He had a torn paper bag in his paws and Cousin Tom knew what had happened. Flippy had sneaked up behind him. Quietly he had blown air into the bag, and then he had burst it with his paw! Nobody said anything for a minute, or maybe it was half a minute or even one quarter of a minute. Then Patience laughed and Flippy laughed and finally Cousin Tom laughed.

NOW, what about this errand, Patience?" asked the old cat gentleman. "You tell me while I brush myself off."

"Why, I have baked a big beef-bone pie, and I wish you would take it across Running Brook to my daughter, Patsy French-Poodle."

Cousin Tom stopped brushing. "Across Running Brook! Now, Mrs. Poodle, my dear, you know how I hate to get my feet wet. My father lived to a good old age and he never once got his feet wet over his shoes."

"Oh, you will not get your feet wet," answered Mrs. Poodle. The cute little Brown twins have made a bridge of steppingstones all the way across Running Brook, and you can skip across as dry as can be."

Cousin Tom took the pie, tipped his red derby hat to Mrs. Poodle, waved his crooked walking stick to Flippy, and started out. He thought that something exciting might happen to him. And, I am going to tell you a secret, something that Cousin Tom did not know. Something very exciting *was* going to happen to him!

The old bachelor cat whistled as he walked along. It was another lippy-de-roo day and he felt good all over. Soon he came to Running Brook and saw the

big stones which Mrs. Poodle had told him about. The water gurgled around the stones and tried to push them off the back of Running Brook. But the stones were too heavy and Cousin Tom knew they were safe to step on. And he stepped on the first one, the second one, the third one, the fourth one, the fifth one, the sixth one, the seventh one—and then the seventh one floated right out into deep water with Tom on it!

Poor Cousin Tom. He had the pie under one arm and his cane under the other. He was having a terrible time balancing himself so he wouldn't fall off kerplunk into the water. Just then the stone stopped, and an ugly old head came out of the water right by Tom's foot.

"Why you are not a stone," said Cousin Tom in a frightened voice, "you are Touchy Turtle."

"Hah, hah," laughed Touchy Turtle, "I knew I'd catch you if I waited long enough."

"But what do you want me for? What have I done? Oh, dear," said the cat.

"First, I want you to read something for me. You can read can't you?" asked Touchy Turtle.

"Oh, yes, I can read quite well. I went through grade six and five-eighths in school. And I shall be very glad to read something for you, Mr. Turtle."

"All right. There on the middle of my back," said the Turtle, "are some letters I can't see from here. Read them."

The bachelor cat looked, and sure enough there were three large letters on the turtle's back, carved into his shell. "The first one is a T" and then Cousin Tom stopped.

"Yes, yes, go on, my friend," said the turtle.

"Well, the next is an O, and the last one is another T. Now take me to shore please," begged Cousin Tom.

"You are never going to shore, you bad cat. Don't you know what the T stands for? It stands for Tom and you put it there while I was asleep," yelled the turtle.

"But that is a long time ago," said Tom, "and I thought you were a stone that time, or I would not have spoiled your shell."

"A likely story," said the turtle. "And you know who carved the O? Oliver Beaver. And the other T? Toddy Terrier. I have you now, and I am going to pull you under. Then I am going to wait until I catch Oliver and pull him under. Then I am going to wait until I catch Toddy and pull him under. You'll see. Spoiling my shell!"

Poor Tom looked all around to see if it was any use yelling for help. But he could see no one. "What would my father think," he said to himself, "and he told me never to get my feet wet! And how horrible it will be to have water running in my big ears! Oh!"

"Count ten, and then I am going to pull you under," warned the turtle.

"Wait, Mr. Touchy," asked Tom. "Tell me, what is so bad about having three letters carved on your shell. Do they hurt?"

"No, nothing can hurt my shell," answered the

turtle, "but people make fun of me. When I swim along under water the fish girls come up and giggle and say, 'Hello TOT! Oh, what a cute little TOT it is!' And the boy fish are worse. They zip all around me so I can't snap them, and sing, 'Turtle Tot, Turtle Tot, oh, what a lot of turtle is Tot!' It hurts my feelings and I am going to hurt your feelings. Are you ready to be pulled under?"

SUDDENLY, just like that, just as though he had found it in a pocket, Cousin Tom had an idea! You wait and see what a good idea it was!

"Mr. Turtle, do you have a middle name?" asked Tom.

"What do you mean, a middle name?" asked the angry turtle.

"Why Touchy is your first name, and Turtle is your last name—do you have a name in between?"

"Oh, an in between name! Why didn't you say so? Of course I have an in between name. After all my family is one of the oldest families in Running Brook. Of course I have an in between name!"

"What is it?" asked Tom, and held his breath, so that not even his one gray whisker moved a teeny bit.

"Why I just told you," shouted the turtle, "I said I come from an old family. My full name is Touchy Old Turtle. Don't you like my name, huh?"

"I think it is a wonderful name," said the bachelor cat, and he was so happy he nearly took a bite of the pie. "If you pull me under, the fish girls and the fish boys will still call you TOT, but if you don't pull me under I can fix it so they will never bother you again."

"How?" asked Touchy Turtle. "If you can do that I promise not to pull you under—this time."

"Will you put me safe on shore?" asked Tom.

"Safe AND dry," promised Touchy.

"All right then," said Tom. "Think—TOT."

"Now I *am* going to pull you down! You are calling me TOT," howled the turtle, and he started to pull his head in.

"Wait, wait," yelled Tom. "T-O-T, they are your initials. Touchy Old Turtle. Don't you see? I can put a period, a little dot after each letter and you will have your initials on you."

The turtle stuck his head up again. "My initials? So they are. If you fix it up for me with little dots I will be a - a- mono- what is it they call hankies with initials on?"

"Oh, you mean monogrammed? Yes, you will be the only monogrammed turtle in Running Brook. Why you may be the only monogrammed turtle in all the world!"

"Do you have your knife with you?"

"Yes, just hold still so I can put down my pie and cane. There. Now easy." And soon Cousin Tom had the TOT changed to T.O.T.

Touchy was so anxious to show off in front of the girl fish that he hurried Cousin Tom to shore and made such big waves that one of the bachelor cat's little toes got damp—but damp isn't wet, is it? And Patsy French-Poodle got her pie, and invited the bachelor cousin to stay for dinner. And he did.

Eddie was gone—wandering
somewhere—asking helplessly . . .



Her twittering went on and on.

Where's Home?

A Story by Richmond O. Brown

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY TIMMINS



"Get on the phone," I screeched at Henry.

MRS. DITTO had been starting to go home for so long I felt uneasy about Eddie. She first started to leave about three o'clock when I mentioned I hadn't heard Eddie making any noise for some time. "I'd better run make certain he hasn't undone the gate latch and wandered out of the back yard," I said to excuse myself.

"Oh, yes, you must," she cooed. "I have to be running along anyway. But isn't it just like a four-year-old? They don't know the purpose of anything. Think a latch is something to play with. Can't teach them anything." Her twittering went on and on, with no sign of an end.

Anxious to reassure myself about Eddie I stood up and took a few steps toward the door to encourage her, but not too obviously. It wasn't obvious enough. She went on with something else she wanted to tell.

Even when Eddie's dog, old Sport, was scratching at the front screen and I stepped out to let him in she stayed in the living room.

Every time I mentioned Eddie she would start for the door, then turn as she remembered another tidbit of gossip. Now it was four o'clock and I couldn't control my fidgets. I had to run out and find what had stopped Eddie from making noises.

Finally I blurted, "Pardon me, Mrs. Ditto. It won't take but a minute. I must see what's wrong with Eddie." And I dashed

through the house without giving her a chance to answer.

EDDIE wasn't anywhere in the yard. The gate hung wide open. Feeling lost, I stood searching the neighbors' yards, but no Eddie.

I dashed around the house. "Eddie!" I called. "Eddie-e!" I even searched around the rose-bushes and cedars. Oh, if I'd only gone to look for him instead of letting in the dog.

Then I knew it. I had that feeling. Eddie couldn't hear me! All inside I trembled. My head was light and I felt faint and breathless.

But I ran like mad. At the alley I looked both ways. No Eddie. "Oh, if I could have taught him to stay in the yard!" I cried as I gasped for breath. With the dog chasing along I tore down past garbage cans and garages, hoping he was playing close by.

Where the alley ended in the street I stopped and wrung my hands. My surging lungs hurt so I thought they would burst. Running out into the street I looked as far as I could. No telling where he had gone. With less purpose than his dog, he never ran off to anywhere in particular. "Eddie-e!" I screeched, but the whole street was lifeless.

Just like Mrs. Ditto said. Four-years-olds don't have any purpose in doing things. "I've got to give him purpose. I have to!" I wailed through my panting. Pell-mell I raced up the street again. But in a moment I was too exhausted to go on. "Eddie-e!" I screamed and stopped.

I gazed hopelessly up the street. In panic I tried to run again but old Sport grabbed the hem of my dress, stopping me and bringing me to my senses. Gasping for breath, I struggled up to a house. It took them a year to answer the door. "No, we haven't seen any little boy," the woman explained without interest. "Of course, I haven't been looking."

Before she finished I was tearing across her yard to the next house. Eddie could go to any of them. He never had any idea why people visit. But the lady shook her head nervously. She was ex-

cited and started jabbering about some child who got lost once and But I couldn't listen to it. I had neglected Eddie. It was my fault he was out . . . out somewhere!

Darting off to the next house I tried escape from thoughts of what might be happening to him. But again I controlled myself. There were too many houses. Eddie could have gone in the other direction. He might have followed someone off. He always followed. Wherever we went, he followed. Why, oh why, hadn't I made him lead the way, made him learn there were places to go, learn how to go there? We might never find . . . !

"Dear Lord, help me!" I prayed. "Don't let Eddie be . . ."

I couldn't bear to think of it. Whirling, I ran like mad back home. Reaching there again, I was wheezing for breath. The gate still hung open. The yard was empty.

"Eddie," I whispered and covered my eyes from the play yard he had used. "Eddie, why didn't I teach you to find your way back home? Eddie, I could have. Every time . . . every time



I ran like mad.

we're out I'll let you show me the way back. I'll make you do it. Oh, Eddie!"

But Eddie couldn't hear me. "Maybe he's over at Barbara's!" I caught my breathing at the thrill of it. I swept through the house to the phone and was jabbering at Barbara before I knew what was happening. But I let the receiver slump down again when she told me. He hadn't been there.

Of course he hadn't. He didn't know the way. We walked there dozens of times, but he had never led the way. Oh, what a failure, an awful failure I was. I started to call Dorothy, then knew he couldn't go there either. But I called. Same hopeless answer.

The phone did no good. I ran to the back door and screamed again, "Eddie! Eddie-e!"

Henry should be in from work by now. I glanced at the clock. No, it would be almost an hour. I shouldn't have him called in from the shop to the phone. But I did. "Darling, Eddie's gone!" I wailed into the phone when he answered. "He's wandered off again," I explained. "Only this time I can't find him. What'll we do, Henry?"

"Gone? Call the police, of course!" he blurted excitedly. "I'll do it then come right home. You call the grocery store. He goes there with you. Then call every place we take him. He has to be somewhere!" His voice sounded scared.

My hand was trembling when I dropped the phone. I screamed the grocery store number at the operator. But I could feel he wouldn't be there. We never had explained why we go to the store. I'd never made him responsible for any part of the shopping. Always he had followed along and followed back. I'd never made him look forward to it.

"O-Oh," I beat my fists against the phone table. "If I'd made him want to go to definite places I wouldn't have to worry. He'd be some safe place now instead of wandering, nobody knows where."

I couldn't sit still, so I paced the floor praying. I called two more friends. They started searching. I was mad with fright.

Henry drove in. I wanted to run out into his arms and have a good cry. But Eddie was . . . I didn't know where. I had to hunt him. "Get on the phone. Get on the phone!" I screeched at Henry. "I've got to find him!"

I scurried down our street, the dog at my heels. In the distance I heard a faint train whistle. "Oh, Eddie!" It made me quiver. The tracks were three blocks away. I turned the corner and flew head-

long toward them. For a moment I thought I saw Eddie. But it was a little girl. When I dashed up and asked her if she had seen a boy in blue jeans and a tan shirt she said, "He went that way," and stretched her arm toward the railroad. We'd never taken him down there. Why would he?

"Wheooo. Wheo." The train



I clasped my son to me.

was getting closer. I could imagine Eddie But I clenched my eyes shut, then prayed a moment and started a wild dash toward the crossing. Old Sport thought I was playing and tried to chase me, adding to my distress.

My breath was jerking and I was stumbling when I saw Eddie amble out of a trail and up to the tracks. He was absorbed in the train and walking right into its path. It was getting bigger and bigger. "Eddie!" my lungs almost burst. But the train drowned out my voice. I dashed toward him. The ground was shaking from the charging train. Its whistle pierced one continuous warning wail. I plunged on but shivered, for I saw it was too far.

Suddenly old Sport shot out past me and grabbed Eddie by the pants leg. Eddie jumped with fright but the dog tugged back hard as the locomotive thundered past.

"Eddie! My Eddie! Dear Lord, it's my Eddie!" My arms engulfed my son and I clasped him to me. When the rattling of the train quieted he looked up into my face and said, "Mother, where's home?"

Is Yours a

Pin-Up Family?

By Ruth E. Renkel

PIN-UP FAMILIES are not necessarily photogenic, they are just families who have solved a lot of their problems by using a family bulletin board. If organization and co-operation are lacking in your home, why not try this simple method of bringing them about?

Bulletin boards can be made of almost anything. A square of plywood covered with a piece of cotton will sustain the weight of a piece of paper and a pin. Inexpensive wood fiber insulation board is fine for thumbtacking. And you can make the latter more attractive by edging it with a wide ruffle that fits in with the color scheme. Into the bottom of the ruffle you might make a pocket to hold the necessary tacks.

Place it in some well-traveled spot, like a hallway or beside the ever-popular refrigerator. Once it's up, you're ready to start "pinning up."

It's ideal, of course, for tacking up phone messages, grocery lists, and various reminders. If next week's social schedule is in plain sight, no one will have an excuse for forgetting that Thursday evening is the night Aunt Mary is coming to call.

FAMILY UPSETS can be avoided by making out a schedule for such things as the family car. If Dad fills in the spaces opposite Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights, he is less likely to hear, "But Dad, I've already told them I could have the car! You didn't tell me you were going to need it!"

House rules earn a place here too, and a casual notice such as "Deadline for soiled clothes: Monday, 8:00 A.M., in the laundry room," will be much better received than a stern lecture on collecting one's own garments.

Forewarnings like, "Wednesday next, the front hall will be waxed. Please avoid using it between the hours of 9-11:00 A.M." will go over much better than, "I don't care if you do have to get something out of the hall closet. I've just waxed that floor and you're not walking on it!"

Requests for volunteers can be listed in a "want ad" column. "Help wanted in the kitchen the afternoon of the 15th. Company for dinner. Your choice of jobs," will provide much more cheerful assistance than a direct order.

You might make it a monthly habit to post a statement of the family's finances. By the time they've reached the fourth grade, most children can add right well. When they can see, with their own eyes, that doctor bills are wrecking the family budget, they can more easily understand why you must deny them their heart's desire. They may even decide to earn the money themselves. So don't be surprised to find a notice tacked up to this effect: "Expert shoe shine job. Half the price you pay downtown. See Bill after school."

Whenever you find your bulletin board overloaded with serious-toned items, try inserting an anecdote or cartoon clipped from some magazine or newspaper. Or perhaps a bit of humorous verse. As Thackeray once said, "A good laugh is sunshine in the house."

There can be sunshine in your house too, if you'll become a "pin-up" family and thereby avoid misunderstandings and their subsequent arguments. Business offices and factories find bulletins indispensable. Once your family discovers its many uses, you'll find a bulletin is not only indispensable but sensible as well.

It's a great idea! Just drop everything and . . .

Vacation at Home

By George Holwager

ARE YOU looking for a vacation which will rest you up but not break you up? Would you like to find a place where the food is just to your liking both in taste and cost, where the bed is as comfortable as your own, where the linens are clean and there is always plenty of hot water? Such a place is not out of this world. It is probably just back of your own front doorstep.

Unless your home is in a sad state of disorganization or you live in an undersized and overheated apartment, you can find more solid comfort and pleasure in a vacation-at-home than anywhere you can go. At least, that is the opinion of our family after we tried such a vacation.

We fell on the idea of a vacation-at-home because we have the good fortune of living in one of the nation's finest vacation areas—the great Tennessee Valley. But the idea should work equally well anywhere, for scenery is not the only thing to be desired in a vacation. When we moved to our present pastorate we fell in love at first sight with the mountains which tower above us to the west and the clean, blue lake which stretches away to the east. We took time off now and then to visit some of the easily accessible spots but there was never time to really explore the area. So, after a family council, we decided to spend our vacation time at home, using the parsonage as a home base and going day by day to the back side of the mountains or into some of the many coves of the lake.

The time was set and we notified our friends that we would be on vacation for the period specified. By agreement we were not expected to attend any function of the church unless an emergency should arise for which we would be called back were we away on a distant trip.

Lay people should work out the same agreement with close friends and especially relatives. A brief item about your vacation plans may be given the social editor of your paper. Most people will understand and cooperate when you explain your plan. Of course, the conventional people who always do the conventional thing at the conventional time will raise an eyebrow and think you queer but their opinion, being completely conventionalized, is of no great value anyway.

MONDAY morning came, the first day of our vacation-at-home. Before all our plans were complete our impatient fourteen-year-old and his equally impatient dog had us out of the house bright and early. Armed with a picnic basket, fishing tackle, bathing suits, and sunburn lotion, we were off for a day in a motorboat. We had planned to sleep late on Tuesday morning but good plans are always subject to change. At seven o'clock the doorbell rang persistently. Workmen had arrived to refinish the parsonage floors, six weeks to the day after they had promised to come. But we were so glad they had finally come we forgot about our vacation and began moving furniture. Then the phone rang. We were tempted not to answer, but who can resist a ringing phone? It was a neighbor who had heard of our predicament and was offering his cabin on the lake, only fifteen minutes' drive from town. We could still have our vacation at home and be out of the way of the workmen. By noon we were in the cabin listening to the summer wind singing through the pines.

Two days later word came that one of the beloved members of our congregation had died suddenly. Had we been several hundred miles away we would have felt duty bound to rush home and our vacation would have been spoiled. As it was, we could minister to the family, conduct the funeral service, and lose only a few hours from our vacation time. Refreshed after a lazy vacation, in which we had discovered many new and delightful things about our own neighborhood, we returned to a parsonage with shining floors and our precarious bank account had suffered no undue strain upon it. Of course, as a lay person you are not likely to be called back for a funeral during your vacation but your favorite aunt—the one who has the most money and the fewest heirs—may get the sniffles and need your attention quite suddenly.

Fish the Home Waters First

"But" you argue, "We do not live in a land of mountains and lakes and there is nothing interesting near us." That all depends upon where your interests lie. The person who looks upon the whole earth, including himself and his neighbor, as the creation of God finds something thrilling happening everywhere. We have not always lived in the mountains. Most of our lives have been spent in the flat, corn lands of Indiana. While we were there we took such vacation trips as we could afford but now that we look back we remember little about these.

We recall instead a rainy Fourth of July spent along a flooded brook where we cooked steaks between showers and ate them in the car during a downpour. We can never forget a tramp through a small wood lot carpeted with spring beauties and we shall cherish forever a translucent autumn day we whiled away beside a "lake" so small you could throw a stone across it, but around it was a world of wonder and beauty.

Even in great cities, far from tumbling brooks and quiet wood lots, there are recreational opportunities other than theaters and night spots. We have lived there too and admit with shame that, like most city people, we never took time to appreciate fully all the city had to offer through its art galleries, museums, parks and public buildings. We hurried through them in hours when we should have spent days with them.

A fisherman friend of mine returned recently from Canada completely disgusted. "I could have caught more fish right here at home," he reported. "Here I know the waters and understand, at least, where not to fish." Near at home we have the advantage of knowing what is worth our time and what is not. Travel is good for anyone. But when we cannot go to distant places for lack of time or money we can find refreshing delight in discovering and appreciating the lovely and interesting things all about us.

Careful Planning Necessary

If a trip to distant places requires planning, a vacation-at-home requires even more, for without plans the little tyrannies of everyday life will interfere and spoil the whole thing. At the risk of sounding like a know-it-all, may I suggest three absolute essentials for a vacation-at-home?

First. In a family council make a careful schedule of *every day* of the vacation period. Consider the interests of every member of the family. Dad should not want to fish every day nor should the children drag the family to the zoo every day. A varied program will interest every member of the family. Post the schedule so everyone will know just what is on for the day. One or two days should be set aside for loafing at home with an ample supply of reading material on hand. Then if it rains—and whoever heard of a vacation when it did not rain—no one will be disgruntled at the weather.



—Eva Luoma.

"This at home?" you ask. Why not? Many streams and lakes are but an hour's drive from home. Lower overhead on room, food and comfort leaves money for special excursions.

Second. Plan easily prepared meals. Mother should have a vacation too. A picnic meal need be a burden on no one if a basket is kept filled with such simple things as cheese, peanut butter, crackers, fresh fruits, and the glorious American hot dog. Elaborate salads, meat dishes and fancy drinks make a pretty party but they spoil a vacation for the cook. Let the family rough it. They would if you had gone to a cabin on the beach. And besides, it will make your vacation seem more like a vacation. It should go without saying that housework, mowing the lawn and washing the car should be left undone. They would be if you were away and the work will still be there when the vacation is over.

Third. Do not plan too many activities. A vacation should be a time of leisure and refreshment and not a hectic period of overexcitement. Someone has said that all conventional vacations should be three weeks long—one week in which to get ready, one week to go, and one week to rest up from the other two. In these hurried days we need to plan for quiet hours when we can repossess our souls. This rule applies either for a brief vacation at home or for a trip around the world.

(Continued on page 42.)

Family Counselors

Question: I have always wanted to train my children to do their part in the work of the home, and to do it cheerfully and happily (like the Browns in the November "Hearthstone"). But somehow I have failed, until now they complain and pout and feel very much abused if I ask them to help at all. They enjoy the privileges of our home, but do not accept the responsibilities. I have tried to talk with them about being a "family unit," each one sharing in the work and play for that unit, but that doesn't do any good. Having apparently failed, is it too late now to do anything about it? What can I do?

Answer: I don't think it is too late, if you are willing to try very hard and to be very subtle about your efforts. Surely the goal of having a family like the Browns and of sending young people into their own homes with a background of such a family life is worth striving for.

Why don't you choose for your first experiment a lovely morning that just "cries" for an outing and a picnic? Suggest enthusiastically "Let's go to the woods for lunch. I can be ready in an hour, I think. Marilyn, could you make some brownies quickly for dessert? Jim, if you can squeeze the lemons and find the vacuum jug, we'll have lemonade. Daddy and Billy, how about these things from the store?" Do the unpleasant tasks yourself; ignore protests; just "sweep 'em off their feet"! If you're very enthusiastic, and the outing is something they'll all enjoy, they'll forget they're working.

Another time, decide on an impromptu party, and have the "work" a quick cleaning up and easy refreshments. Or perhaps an overnight trip will send them all

to washing, ironing, and packing necessities with nary a thought that these are dreaded tasks. When they were babies, you trained them by making each new experience have a pleasurable result, insofar as was possible. They're babies in this instance now, so try the same tactics!

You are right that talk has no effect. They will gradually learn from experiencing these agreeable results. Be sure that your attitude is a pleasant one. Don't nag, or be cross or act the martyr. Rather, be cheerful, and an awfully good companion. Slowly, you can get back to everyday tasks; slowly but surely they will learn the value and fun of family cooperation.

E. N. J.

Question: When I was a girl I tried to talk with my mother about personal problems that confronted me. She would blush, act embarrassed and tell me I would find out soon enough. I did, the hard way. Please tell me where I can become acquainted with adequate information to meet the questions of my two children as they grow up.

Answer: You are wise mother to be so anxious to properly educate your children in a healthy, normal way. In this day and age no woman should permit her children to grow up uninformed. When information is disseminated as the child grows and wonders, then it becomes part of a natural process of development.

There are a number of good methods to secure the information you desire, but first let me warn you to get that which will fit the level of your child. A young high school girl sobbed to me that when she went to her mother in desperation for advice, her mother read her a booklet on the development

of birds and flowers which would have been fine for a 6-year-old but certainly not for a 12-year-old child.

If you are fortunate enough to have a minister who is well trained in youth needs, please go to him first. Even you will be surprised with the experience of discussing personal matters from an impersonal point of view. Much worthwhile material is available today through the churches at very little or practically no cost. Church materials not only have a biological and social emphasis but that added spiritual guidance which is invaluable when discussing personal intimacies.

Most people have the privilege of excellent libraries at their disposal. Tell the librarian the ages of your children and you will get appropriate materials. Your family physician may be able to suggest, or even talk with your children from time to time.

If you will send a self-addressed stamped envelope, I will send you a list of books that I consider most helpful which are inexpensive and ones that you will want to own for the purpose of gradual education.

D. F.

Question: My husband and I are constantly bickering over one question, shall we go out tonight or shall we stay at home? When I want to go out he wants to stay in. When he wants to go out he tells me that I want to stay at home. What can we do about this? We feel it is hard on our marriage.

Answer: Indeed, any bickering is hard on any marriage. I find hope, however, in the inference that both of you are aware of your problem for you indicate that "we" feel (such an attitude) is hard on our marriage."

Yours is one of the minor adjustments which every couple has to make. It is perfectly clear that one cannot always give in to the other. It is likewise evident that both will not do it all the time. Then there must be a compromise. Consideration for each other and the desire to please the other should stand uppermost in the mind of each. Then there is some hope.

If the husband works eight or ten hours a day while the wife is at home and free to go out at any time she desires, then she surely should be willing to let him decide the evening's program. If the wife is also working and still wants an evening out, the decision ought to be made on the worth of the evening proposed, the number of times you have been out recently, whether there are home tasks which are crying for your attention, whether you can afford what you propose.

If the wife has the responsibility of children all day, the husband ought, through deference to her, to let her decide what they should do together in the evening. There is scarcely any and perhaps no man's work that is any more fatiguing and wearing than the woman's role of tending children, keeping house and cooking. But if, in spite of these gruelling duties, she is the one who wants the relaxation of an evening out, then by all means the husband ought to defer.

If either is ill (not imaginatively) there ought to be no question.

Perhaps a budget of evenings out should be made. The availability of a "sitter" may decide for you. But in the long last let it be said that if you are truly in love with each other, common courtesy and understanding consideration will lead you to a solution of your problem. L. R. S.

Question: From three different letters come the same questions. Therefore, I shall endeavor to answer them as one. "I can't understand why Bill expects me to sit home all evening. If friends come in, he objects if they stay later than 10:30."

"I can't understand why my husband gets so grouchy just because I don't have dinner ready when he gets home in the evening."

"I almost felt insulted when my Jimmy got up and walked right out of the room when I asked him what he thought about some of the things the women at our club had been discussing. I definitely feel neglected. He shows no interest in what my friends say."

Answer: Wives, since you are asking for the kind of treatment you are receiving, be big enough to take it without complaining or mend your ways.

Occasionally, I have reason to visit some of our finest Tea Rooms around town. Perhaps the visit is in mid-afternoon or later. I always come away feeling sorry for the husbands of the wives I find there.

If you are wondering why, listen to some of the conversations the next time you visit such a place. May I suggest the next time you join your friends take particular note of the trend of the conversation. Trite, worthless, most of it is not worth repeating. Neurotic wives emphasizing the neglect of their husbands.

Wives! Please come to attention, you are ungrateful women. You often are not as much neglected as you are guilty of neglecting your husbands.

No! Of course I am not asking that you give up all your friends but you couldn't feel neglected if you were doing something worth while for others.

Wanted: Your problems for solving by our staff of counselors. Write today, to "Hearthstone," in care of your publishing house.

Remember this universe does not owe anyone the right to be an expensive parasite. If you must be a partial parasite, then the least you can do is to give your husband, who pays the bills, a boost instead of a knock, if you must talk about him. One of the most important boosts you can give him is to get home early enough to always have his meals on time.

If your husband walks out on you when you relate gossip from the club, it may be because you have shown indifference and lack of interest in that which is most vital to him.

Now, start at once expressing interest to and about your husband, and the pangs of neglect will rapidly melt to nothingness.

Neglect, in my dictionary, is the failing to take care, show such attention, pay such courtesy, etc., as may be rightfully or reasonably expected. According to this definition, it takes only the simplest of reasoning to place the neglect where it rightfully belongs.

D.F.



Dorothy
Faust



Leslie R.
Smith



Elizabeth
N. Jones



Paul B.
Baum

It Shouldn't Happen

to a *Dog!*

(Be sure it doesn't happen to yours.)

By Billee Eckert Martin

PART of the ritual of being a summer vacationist is the sending of messages depicting the joys encountered on the vacation, whether it be a trip to the seashore, the lake, the mountains, or merely a visit back home to the farm. Daily, during the warm months of the year, the postman delivers the lightheartedly inscribed bits of pasteboard. "Having a wonderful time, wish you were here!" We read the immemorial bye-word of all vacationists, and we smile. Sometimes, weary of our office, or our factory, or our kitchen, or our shop, we ruefully wish that we were there!

Somewhere in the city, treading the hot pavements with bruised, swollen foot-pads, is a pup, a forlorn, bewildered frightened little dog. He is searching for his folks, who unaccountably got into the car and rode away, leaving him behind, without a thought as to how he would get along. He is exhausted, hot, thirsty, and oh, so hungry. Tentatively he explores the contents of a tipped garbage pail. The reeking spoilage offends his sensitive nostrils. It isn't anything like the food he has been used to getting, but, scourged by the pangs of hunger, he eats.

Later that night he is sick, violently sick. He drags his shaking puppy form into the doorway of a building and lies down. The ten-

ant of the building comes out, stumbles over him, and gives him a resounding kick in the ribs.

With strength born of desperation he runs until he can run no more. At last he finds another doorway and lies down, making his aching body as small as possible. He sighs, a long, sad, quivering sigh of puzzlement and grief.

He wishes he were there! He wishes he were with his owners, the people upon whom he had always depended, wherever they might be!

In the enclosure at the dog pound, his muzzle poked through the grating, his eyes hopefully turned toward the door, sits another little dog. He is a nice looking fellow, and appears to have had good care. He is frightened by all the yelping and confusion. He withdraws as far as possible from the other dogs. His attitude is conciliatory toward them. He doesn't want any trouble. He just wants to go home, please!

He, too, is puzzled. Nothing like this has ever happened to him before. His owners never before failed to come home, to feed him, and care for him. He waited for three days, sitting on the porch, watching for them to drive up in

the car. Several times the lady next door had given him food and water. But he wanted his people, and at the end of the third day he decided that he ought to go and look for them. Perhaps they needed him!

Anxiously he trotted down the street, looking to the right and left in hopes of seeing them. He had gone no more than a dozen blocks when he had been pounced upon and thrown into the caged compartment of a truck, with a number of other dogs, all snarling, snapping, and yelping. That had been the beginning. And now this.

No, he didn't understand at all. But he was an optimistic little dog by nature, and he was sure his people would come to take him home before too long.

It was just as well that he didn't understand. It was well that he couldn't read the sign, which said, "Unclaimed dogs disposed of in three days." On the third day he was "disposed of," and if he had a last thought, it must have been that *he wished he* were there,

*From *Humane Society News of Missouri*. Used by permission.

too, with his people, wherever they were!

Don't let this happen to your dog, please! No vacation, no trip, no pleasure in the world can justify your so breaking faith with the little being who reposes his entire trust in you, whose whole world lies within the radius of your voice.

Take your pup with you when you go away, if you possibly can. Any discommodation entailed in doing so will be more than compensated for by his pleasure in being with you, and your satisfaction in knowing that you have done the right thing. If you can't possibly take him along, make arrangements for his careful keeping, preferably with someone whom he knows, and of whom he is fond. A properly supervised boarding kennel may be a solution to the problem. Your dog will grieve at your absence, but at least he will be there when you return, and he won't suffer the abuse and possible death that is the fate of the abandoned dog.

The discussion is not an abstract one. Hundreds upon hundreds of dogs are abandoned every year by thoughtless or callous owners, who depart, pleasure bent and carefree, with never a thought as to the pet they leave behind. Seemingly the attitude of such persons is this, "If he's there when we get back, all right. If not, well, his tough luck!"

We cry vast shame to anyone guilty of such heartless, inhumane reasoning! We plead that your pet be included in your vacation planning, at least to the extent that he receive adequate care and proper confinement during your absence.

They place so much of faith and trust in us, these little canine creatures! We've called them man's best friend. A reasonable return for that friendship is only fair, isn't it?

It would be nice, when you send those vacation postcards, if you could sign your pup's name, too. If not, won't you at least be sure that he is in good hands, and receiving the proper care until you return?



Amadee, St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Summer Humane Reminders

DON'T fail to have fresh drinking water available for your animals at all times.

DON'T expose animals to the sun's rays unnecessarily, nor allow needless exertion.

DON'T leave pets in stifling hot closed cars.

DON'T tie a dog if it is avoidable. If he must be confined, secure the ends of his leash to a long wire so that he can have the run of at least 20 to 30 feet, with access to shade and shelter at all times.

DON'T muzzle a dog if it is avoidable.

DON'T tease or molest a dog or any other animal when it is hot.

DON'T allow goldfish aquariums and birds' cages to be exposed to the sun's direct rays. Fish will succumb if the water becomes hot, and birds suffer seriously from too much sun.

DON'T allow dogs near freshly sprayed plants.

DON'T permit dogs to chase automobiles.

DON'T overload or overtax work horses.

DON'T allow animals near poison ivy.

DON'T abandon pets when you leave for your vacation, or when you leave your summer home.

DON'T allow your dog to roam at large just because the weather is clement. The number of dogs which are lost from their homes, and also the number injured or killed by traffic rises during the summer months.

DON'T forget that your animal looks to you for care, protection, and wise decisions. **DON'T LET HIM DOWN!**

Our Everyday Nursery

By Helen Renshaw

THE WOMEN in our neighborhood are meeting to discuss a problem," my friend told me one morning. "Will you join us?"

"What is the problem?" I asked, just a little wary of the word "problem."

"We are a group of young mothers without too much spare money," my friend continued.

I laughed and then agreed that I certainly fit into that group.

That afternoon I joined these mothers, and we discussed our mutual problem.

"Our idea is to work out nursery arrangements for our children so that occasionally we overworked mammas can have time off without having to pay a baby-sitter."

That was fine, but it was soon apparent that none of our homes were large enough to accommodate all the children at one time. It was my friend who really made the proposal that has worked out so wonderfully for all of us.

"Have you mothers seen the nicely equipped nursery at our church?" she asked us.

Some of us had, because we left our children there each Sunday morning. A few of the mothers were not members of any church.

"This church nursery is filled every Sunday morning, but the rest of the time it stands empty. Six days out of the week this beautiful equipment is put to no use at all," she told us.

We all agreed that it seemed a

waste to us, but what could we do about it?

My friend smiled. "I have already approached our minister with a proposal that the nursery be kept open every day of the week. He agreed that we might have the use of the room if we could staff it."

Needless to say this proposition was met with glad cries of approval.

"We can easily staff it ourselves and still allow everyone some of the free afternoons that have been so hard to manage."

THAT is the way our happy "Everyday Nursery" started. Did it work? Yes, beautifully, right from the start. Mothers of small children were invited to bring them there without charge. We did not limit our nursery to church members. Somehow we felt that we were doing another good when we made the church attractive to less interested persons. We found, too, that it was a fine thing to bring our own children to the church oftener than once a week. There is something to the theory that a child does not consciously remember each happening step by step—rather, his first experiences merge into pleasant or unpleasant memory. We felt that happy nursery experiences in the church would continue to influence later feeling toward the church.

There have been so many unexpected and splendid results from this simple idea that I must tell you of some of them. One result is obvious. Young mothers were given the opportunity to slip away and rest a while. They found, too, that they even enjoyed their afternoons with the children, because they made new friends among other mothers who were helping. The mothers learned new ways of developing self-expression in their own children by listening to successful methods used by others.

Sometimes, too, when a young mother works alone at a task in which no one else seems particularly interested she becomes discouraged and negligent. Guiding a little child can be long and tedious. Results are not always easily seen. The inspiration of others engaged in a similar task can be extremely beneficial.

We started out by recognizing that all normal children have the capacity to develop into happy and useful members of society providing natural tendencies are correctly influenced by wholesome surroundings. We felt it our problem and privilege to provide this healthy environment.

Every mother agreed that interest is essential to keep a boy or girl busy and out of mischief. This greatly simplified the mother's



— Don Knight

Many children were given opportunity for free investigation of their surroundings. Billy lays an experimental finger on the train he has found.

problem when it came her time to take charge. It added to the children's interest, too, because there is a certain sense of security for little people in regularity of daily schedule. They knew something of what to expect even though they came infrequently and found different mothers in charge.

Variance of age may sometimes make a set program difficult. Fortunately we were able to break our group into two divisions. The tiny ones were given opportunity for free investigation of their surroundings and of materials, and physical activity interspersed with rest periods. The older ones were ready for constructive use of materials, such as block building, painting, using clay, listening to stories, and longer periods of concentration at these activities.

We did not feel we were equipped to cope with the obviously "poorly adjusted" child. I mean the child who is consistently in conflict with his playmates, who refuses to comply with any adult suggestions, who generally insists on thwarting all attempts at schedule. Still, we found very few deliberately rebellious youngsters.

Perhaps because our women were blessed with firsthand experience and equipped with enormous patience, they were able to use better than average principles of guidance. There were surprisingly little trial and error method as our nursery progressed.

It is not the purpose of a church nursery or any other nursery to take the place of the home. We sought particularly to supplement home environment with experiences and situations that are difficult for a parent to duplicate within the home. Because many were "the only child" at home, we emphasized group activity, sharing, rules of conduct that resulted in happy relationship with playmates. It is especially wholesome for a child to "take turns" rather than always to be the center of adult attention as he often is at home. Physical, mental and spiritual growth undoubtedly are stimulated best through self-activity. For this reason we found crafts, group-game participation, group singing most desirable.

Contact with a few children of equal development was encouraging to children living in neighbor-

hoods of older boys and girls. Those who had been too constantly thrown with younger playmates were stimulated to develop new interests and abilities.

WE ENCOURAGE our group to find satisfaction in doing for others, to be happy in sharing and helping. It was this phase of our program that brought many of the fathers into the picture.

Nearing the Christmas season a few of the older girls were eager to do something for children in the hospitals. Very few of the mothers were able to finance actual gifts, so we hit upon this scheme. Several fathers took older boys into the country to gather greens. Then for several weeks different fathers came at odd times and helped to make tiny stands for miniature Christmas trees. All the children made tinsel decorations or strung cranberries. When our project was completed, we asked for volunteers to take these gifts to the hospitals. Again the fathers gave their time. Other holiday projects could be worked out and adapted to a particular group. At any time of the year scrapbooks find a welcome, or paper baskets filled with flowers or animal cookies make a worthy project.

Enjoyment without actual possession is another bit of development that we gave consideration. By this, I mean taking walks together with an eye for flower or bird appreciation, sitting in a circle while a mother shows pictures or unusual articles. Be sure that the very tiny child is allowed to "touch" as much as is permissible though, for his experience necessitates some degree of physical contact and examination.

We have given no direct religious instruction. But religion is a way of living, and careful guidance in development provides experiences in living that in themselves point the way to Christian ideals. The thoughtful mother finds many opportunities to guide a child's relationship with his playmates toward an increasingly Christian behavior.

(Continued on page 46.)

Games for

A Desert Island

By Eleanor Hammond

IF YOU should happen to be shipwrecked on a desert island with one to a dozen companions, some of these games may help while away the hours until the rescue ship arrives. Or maybe you'll find the games so interesting that you won't need any excuse for playing.

They are games which take no special equipment, not even pencils and paper.

Find the Famous Person is a first-cousin-once-removed to the well-known "Who Am I?" or "Twenty Questions"—but more fun than either, we think. The player who is "it" decides on some well-known character he will be, then tells the rest of the players: "I am an A—or B, C, or Z." The letter he gives is the first letter of the famous person's surname. If he has decided to be Abraham Lincoln, he says: "I am an L," for instance. Then the other players begin asking him questions in turn. But here is where the game differs from the ordinary "Twenty Questions." Players may *not* ask the one who is "IT" any *direct* questions about the famous person until they have managed to "stick" the one who is "it" with an *indirect* question, the answer to which begins with the chosen letter. Suppose "it" has decided to be Abraham Lincoln and announced that he is an "L." Then the questioner will ask something like: "Are you a kind of fish?" If "it" can say "No, I am not ling cod!" then the questioning passes to the next player. But if "it" cannot think of a fish beginning with L and has to give up, the questioner may ask a direct question, such as: "Are you a man? Are you American? Are you alive?" So long as "it" can give correct answers to the indirect questions, he can avoid being asked any direct questions. He does not have to answer with the word the questioner has in mind, however. If asked "Are you a tree" and his answer is "No, I am not a linden," his answer is good—even if the questioner had a larch tree in mind. However, he may not use the same answer twice. If the questioner asks: "Are you a tree?" a second time when his turn arrives, "it" may not repeat "linden." He must think of another L tree, such as laurel or larch. When "it" gives up, the questioner must supply the answer to his own question, to prove there really is an answer. The questioning, first indirect, then direct, goes round and round the circle until the famous person is found. The player who finally guesses the person has next turn as "it."

Famous Pairs is a far simpler little game. The one who is "it" selects two persons or two common

nouns which are usually thought of together, gives the initial letters of the pair he has in mind. He thinks of "Romeo and Juliet"—"R and J," "Bread and Butter"—"B & B," "Cornbeef and Cabbage," "Hill and Dale," "Land and Water," "David and Goliath," "Adam and Eve," or something of the sort. The guesser who names the correct pair gets to choose the following pair and be "it."

Verbal Charades need no costumes and no acting—an advantage if you happen to be riding on a train or in a car. "My first is somebody who gives orders, my second is a heavy weight, my whole is an American city" somebody says. The player who guesses "Boston" gets to make up the next charade. You may keep to geographical names or use any words you like, as in ordinary charades, according to the taste and talents of the players.

Verbal Gugenheim or Classifications is a handy "traveling game," too. One player gives a letter and a classification. The other players try to give a word beginning with the letter and belonging to the classification—and the player giving a correct answer first gets to be "it" next time. "A is the letter. Bible characters is the classification," somebody says. The player who says "Adam"—or Abraham or Absalon—first gives the next letter and classification to be guessed. If nobody can give a correct answer, the one who asked the question must furnish one—to prove one is possible. Then he has another turn to be "it."

Quotations is a good game for a crowd that is a bit literary in tastes. The first player gives a word. The other players try to furnish a line of poetry, a verse from the Bible, a proverb or some other quotation with the word in it. Lines from songs or nursery rhymes will do, too. Of course, the player who gives a quotation first, gets to give the next word. The chosen word may occur anywhere in the quotation. It need not be the first word of the quotation. And the quotation need not be the same one the word giver had in mind. If the word is LAMB, "Little Lamb, who made thee" or "Mary had a little lamb" will be equally valid answers. The person who gives the word must give a quotation containing the word himself if the other players "give up."

Tunes whistled or hummed and guessed by the listeners are fun, too. Children are usually delighted to try recognizing songs they know—and accom-

plished musicians often delight in trying to "stick" each other with obscure themes in classical works. It can be simple or very difficult according to the knowledge of the people playing.

Three Strikes and You're Out is played by people giving letters in turn around the circle, trying to spell words, but *not* to finish the words being spelled. So long as a player can add another letter to the word without ending the word he is safe, but when he is unable to add a letter he has a "strike" against him. For instance if the letters P, A, and N have been given, the last player would have a strike against him if it were not possible to go on, making the word PANCAKE, PANIC, or PANTRY. So each player tries to add letters that will carry the word past him. Of course, there comes a point in every word when this is impossible and the unlucky player has to add the final letter. When a player has "three strikes" against him, he is out. So the game goes around and around until all the players except one have been struck out. If a player adds some letter which does not lead toward a real and correctly spelled word, that, too, counts as a strike against him.

On Trial is fun for a group with quick wits and imaginations. The one who is "it" is the imaginary culprit who has committed some sort of crime. He is "tried" for ten minutes by the clock. He asks the other player questions in turn about the crime he has committed. They must answer his questions in such a way that they do not contradict each other at any point. The culprit tries to confuse them so they will contradict each other. If he asks, "AT what time did I rob the bank?" and gets the answer "At midnight" from one player and later asks some other player, "How high was the sun above the horizon when I took the money out of the bank?" and gets the answer, "The sun was just setting," there is a contradiction—and the "culprit" is acquitted. If, however, all the players answer his questions without ever contradicting each other till the ten minutes are up, he is "found guilty."

Rhyme Time is as amusing a way to spend the last half hour before the rescue ship comes in sight as we know of. "I'm thinking of a word that rhymes with—" the first player announces. He will choose a word with plenty of rhymes, if he is wise. Maybe he says: "a word that rhymes with *Sea*." The next player then says something like: "Is it an insect that makes honey?" "No, it is not a *bee*," the one who has given the rhyme answers—unless the word he has in mind does happen to be "bee." The players ask for rhyme words by *definition*. The one who is "it" must answer with the correct rhyming words that fit the definitions—or he is "stuck" and has to give up, when the questioner who stuck him gets to think of a rhyme word for the next round. If some player finally asks, by definition, for the word "it" has in mind, then the center of the stage and the next rhyme word are his. He has won the the round. Even if you aren't playing to the accompaniment of the swish of waves on a tropical island, it's a game that nearly everybody enjoys.

"just for fun!"

A Bible Alphabet of People

By Sylva Harper

Each member of the family needs his own Bible, a piece of paper, and a pencil ready to begin. One way would be to have a copy of this game ready for each one. Or have each one write the letters of the alphabet down the left side of the sheet of paper. Then slowly read each Bible reference and the words about each person, and have them written carefully for each letter on the paper. This is good training for all.

When all are ready, signal to begin. Each one must look up every Bible reference and be sure he has copied and spelled the name correctly. Each works the way that is quickest for him. Look up all the references in the New Testament first if you wish.

At the end of 10 or 15 minutes, as you may decide, the study ends. Count 5 for each right answer and correctly spelled name.

- A—James 2:23 Called the Friend of God
- B—Matt. 12:24 The prince of demons
- C—Gen. 4:8 The first murderer
- D—Ruth 4:22 Son of Jesse
- E—Luke 1:13 The mother of John the Baptist
- F—Acts 24:25 The governor of Judea who trembled before Paul
- G—Judg. 7:19 The leader of the pitcher band
- H—1 Sam. 2:1 The mother who gave her small son to God
- I—Matt. 10:4 The other name of the betrayer of Jesus
- J—2 Kings 22:1, 2 The boy king who did right in the sight of God
- K—1 Sam. 9:1 A Benjamite, a mighty man of power
- L—Acts 16:14 A seller of purple
- M—John 18:10 The servant whose ear was cut off by Peter
- N—2 Kings 5:1 The Syrian captain who was a leper
- O—Ruth 1:4 The sister-in-law of Ruth
- P—Rom. 16:1 The sister commended by Paul
- Q—1 Kings 18:13 The queen who slew the prophets of the Lord
- R—Acts 12:13 The damsel who opened the door of the gate for Paul
- S—Acts 7:59 One of the deacons who was stoned to death
- T—Rom. 16:21 A workfellow of Paul
- U—2 Kings 15:13 A king of Judah
- V—Esther 1:9 The beautiful Queen of Shushan
- W—Matt. 2:1, 2 Sages of the East
- X—Ezra 4:7 The last 6 letters of the name of a king of Persia
- Y—Ecces. 11:10 Young People
- Z—Luke 19:2, 3 The short man who wanted to see

The Mysterious Letter Thief

(From page 26.)

will be better if you are along when we catch the thief," said Billy.

Hidden from sight behind the white picket fence and the wild tangle of honeysuckle vines, Grandma and the children waited. Soon an old rickety car pulled up to the mailbox and stopped. "There's the mailman!" whispered Grandma. "Watch! He's reaching in the back seat. Sure enough, there's a letter! He's putting it in the mailbox."

With more rattles the car drove away. A moment later Mr. and Mrs. Billy Wren flew in the mailbox, each carrying a worm. When they flew out again, the letter didn't fall out. Grandma winked at Billy. "See, it isn't the wrens that are losing my letters."

A big shiny black form made its way through the air right over their heads as they watched. It flew into the mailbox. "Grandma!" exclaimed Billy. "That's Old Crafty Crow! Wonder what he's doing in there! Will he hurt the baby wrens?"

Grandma didn't know. She just kept her eyes on the mailbox.

Coming out tail first, Old Crafty backed out of the mailbox. In his beak he held a letter. He fluttered down to the ground. Then he stood on the white envelope and began pecking at the bright red stamp.

"So Old Crafty is your thief, Grandma! Grandpa told us crows like bright things. Watch him try to get that stamp!" Finally the crow grew tired, picked the letter up in his beak again and flew over their heads toward Grandpa's shop.

Come on, Judy! We're on the trail of the thief!" Off they raced.

By the time Grandma got there, Billy was climbing up the big stepladder to the attic storage space above. He looked around. "Grandma! Here he is with your letter! And here are your other letters, too!" he cried excitedly. Down in Grandma's outstretched apron he let the letters fall. Not a single stamp on the entire bunch. Old Crafty Crow had pecked them all off and hidden them somewhere.

"Well, children, looks like we'll go to town tonight and buy ice cream sundaes!"



"Oh, it's just a little thing we got for sending in box tops, but right over here indicates when we got tired of eating that breakfast food."

Working at Fatherhood

(From page 7.)

girls at the Monroe Harding Children's Home in Nashville, Tenn. I assured Mother that she had no part in the venture at all and was to simply sit on the side lines and watch. She sat—for a couple of weeks. Yesterday she gave "Toni's" to seven little girls who had been praying for curly hair for almost as many years as they were old. It will be interesting to see if this business of being a father the lazy way will work with sixty-five children like it did with four.

Children are different—yes they are. No two of ours are alike but as a pastor and as a leader in youth groups for a good many years, I have never found one who could not understand obedience. Reverence for properly constituted authority would throw half the world's policemen out of a job. Reverence for parental authority would release the energies of multitudes of parents for the enjoyment of life and the enrichment of their personalities. We were just too lazy to take the hard way. Maybe it doesn't make sense, but about the only swap I would make for my four, who will soon be on their own, is to take on sixty-five more.

Vacation at Home

(From page 33.)

Take God Along

Any vacation should provide spiritual as well as physical refreshment and a vacation-at-home can be made wonderfully rich by family worship activities. For once, the family will be eating all its meals together. What better time to plan for some brief, mealtime devotionals?¹ Opportunities for spontaneous worship will present themselves often to the family alert for them. Any time of natural inspiration—a sunset, a moon rise, a beautiful church building—can be turned into a precious, enduring memory if the family pauses for a moment of spoken or silent prayer.

Vacation plans should always include attendance upon church worship services other than your own. City families would do well to attend the services of a rural church where they could thrill to the freshness of worship in the open countryside. Rural families will find a like thrill in the stately and ordered services of a great city church.

God wants his children to know the abundant life—full, rich, happy life—and a vacation with God in the midst is the happiest one to be found.

¹The Secret Place, a quarterly of daily devotions, will be found helpful. Secure it from your church or write the publishers of this magazine.

What the Churches Are Doing in Family Life

By J. D. Montgomery



IT MAY work in your family, but it won't work in ours." That familiar and worn-out sentence has thrown a spray of cold water on many an attempt to suggest the need of family worship in the home. It failed, however, to dampen the ardor of the committee on family life of the First Christian Church, Salem, Oregon, as reported by the minister, Dudley Strain. The committee set about in earnest to do something for the homes in that church. They called their plan *A Laboratory Experiment in Family Worship*, and this is what they did. They asked the minister and his wife to choose ten couples who admittedly observed no form of family worship, who had always been willing to join in the chorus "It won't work in our home," and whose children were about the same age. These ten couples agreed that they would be willing to meet together for six Wednesday evenings to learn something about family worship and they agreed moreover to do the harder task—to try some phase of family worship for six weeks.

The plan as outlined was simply this: That each couple should share each week with the others in the group their failures, their surprises, their disappointments, their joys. From this pooling of experiences each couple was to pick out something that might be of help to its family circle for the following week and try it again. The one condition accepted by all was that they would continue, in spite of apparent failure, for six weeks. There were to be no "experts" to lecture, no reports to be given from books, no "sainted mothers" to be shocked when the reports came in. The minister and his wife were there to guide and to learn.

Need of Creativity

At the first meeting, after the group had become acquainted with one another and with the conditions of the experiment, the minister spoke briefly about the various types of family worship, emphasizing the need of creativity in this important venture in living together. Some magazines and books and booklets which contained suggestions and helps were made available to each couple. By common consent, the group agreed to begin with a prayer of thanks at one or all meals in the home for the following week. Written prayers to be memorized or read were suggested, along with other variations of "grace at meals"—a hymn, a verse of Scripture, impromptu prayers, joining-hands-around-the-table, silent thanks, prayer at the close of the meal, and others. Each couple agreed to try some form and to report the experience next week.

The succeeding five Wednesday nights were rich experiences for everyone. No one felt ashamed to

describe his experiences because all had started from the same level. Rather, each person was anxious to relate some amusing or sobering experience which had happened. The step from "grace at meals," which had been fairly easy for all, to a longer period of family devotions was not so easy, but the group kept going. There were some echoes of "I still say it won't work," but they grew fainter.

Seldom has any group ever knit itself so closely together in this church as did this group of parents. Before the six weeks had passed one mother came forward with this suggestion: "Why can't we tell some of the other families what they're missing. And when they sing the old refrain, let's tell them that it did work for us. It ought to mean more coming from us. We had to be shown." Of course, this was just what the committee had silently hoped.

Ten Commandments for Family Worship

In the final meeting the fathers and mothers who had made laboratories of their homes for six weeks summed up their wisdom which had been pooled from ten homes. They formulated a kind of ten commandments for family worship which resulted from their laboratory experiment with each other and their children. Here they are:

1. Family worship must be *simple*.
2. Family worship must be *brief* to be effective with children.
3. Family worship must be *regular*, whether observed once daily or once each week.
4. Family worship must *include all the family*, the absence of any member being the exception and not the rule.
5. Family worship must be *democratic*, with each member of the family participating in some way.
6. Family worship must be *constructive*, avoiding indirect scoldings or warnings.
7. Family worship must have some *carry-over* into family living, bearing fruits in conduct and service.
8. Family worship must be *creative*; "sameness" leads to indifference and lack of interest.
9. Family worship must be *genuine*; sham or pretense is quickly detected.
10. Family worship must be *devotional* and not entertaining.

This group of ten couples, says their minister, hopes to become within their church the nucleus of a much larger group of parents. They desire to help other parents whose need is just as great and whose timidity in beginning is just as big a barrier to their family worship as it was with these twenty. Moreover, they agreed at the end of six weeks that the excuse, "It may work in your family, but it won't work in ours," did not apply to them.

The Light Stroke

(From page 5.)

3. Is there something showing about your person that shows there's something frivolous about your soul?

When you're waiting in a station sometime look around you at the other people waiting there. If it's a half rainy day and you see a woman dressed in the most practical clothes she owns, holding a rather nondescript umbrella in one hand and a paper bag that you just know contains a pair of rubbers in the other, you know something about that woman's personality right away, don't you? But, if while you're waiting, you see another woman dressed in an outfit that's also practical but topped off with a light touch, your impression of her will be entirely different. Maybe it's just an inexpensive flower from her centerpiece at home that she's pinned on her practicality. Or maybe it's her choice of the very frivolous umbrella that's swinging jauntily over her arm. It's probably the simplest thing in the world, but it shows the light stroke in her life.

4. If you're not too good at observing funny incidents yourself, do you keep an abundant supply of jokes and funny stories in your mind? And do you keep a sufficient variety so that you know you'll have something to appeal to all the different types of people you happen to meet in a year's time?

This, perhaps, is the greatest guarantee in the world of being sure you'll be able to show the light stroke. At the same time, it's also wonderfully easy, for all you have to do to have it is to constantly refresh your mind with things like Bennett Cerf and quips from *The New Yorker*.

5. Is there something light and lilting about your voice? In your social mingling does it make people want to include you in the fun? Or does it sound as though you have nothing very frothy to contribute to a good time?

A girl who lives rather close to me has very little to contribute in the way of brains or wealth or prestige. But she has the most wonderful voice! And the thing that developed this lilting voice for her was the strict observance to the rule that a person should never drop his voice when he comes to the end of a sentence. This is the kind of insurance that really provides a lilt in your voice and makes conversation gay and light in the group that's right around you.

And though this lilt, as well as the other light touches, may cost a little initial effort at first, any work you have to do to get any of them is well worth any effort.

For if you want to make yourself felt by everyone you meet you'll need to write this light stroke into your problems and work!

The Family Altar

By Hugo R. Pruter

The family altar need not be merely a figurative expression! It can have concrete reality, for I



have discovered that everyone can afford a Family Altar.

Feeling the need for a central place in which my family could

gather for prayer, I discovered an unused niche in my bedroom which could easily accommodate an altar.

With a little imagination and a brief search, I found an unused desk in the attic which could be converted into an altar, a set of red-violet drapes which made an excellent background (dossal) and some unused candlesticks. My richest prize was a fine reproduction of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" which hung in the dining room of my home for many years.

Together, with twenty cents' worth of picture hangers, and five cents for two candles, we created the effect illustrated in this photo. The communion set is there for such occasions when we might have private communion for the family.

The little chapel is quite popular with my twin boys, four years old, and their sister, Nancy Lee, age two. They are just learning to pray and look forward eagerly to prayers when they first get up and at night before retiring. No protests now, about bedtime, for we suggest prayers to the children and they receive this suggestion with joyous shouts. After prayers they are sufficiently calmed down from their day's activities to accept bedtime without protest.

The family altar brings the whole family together in one place, at one time, to worship Him, who is the head of the house.

It is something every home can have for it fills a place in one of our rooms which is only four feet wide and two feet deep. The amount of space will never be missed in most homes and an old table and unused candlesticks can be found without a very intensive search. Neither the drapes nor the picture is necessary though they do add a great deal. However, a good religious picture, such as Gibran's Head of Christ, or else a cross, hung on the wall back of the altar will do as well.

It is well worth the effort and the cost, for you not only will pray oftener but the setting will do much to make your prayers rich and full of meaning.

Parents are usually puzzled by very much the same problems in dealing with their children. Out of his wide experience and from the questions he was asked over and over again, Dr. Donald A. Laird and his wife, Eleanore C. Laird, have written *The Strategy of Handling Children* (Funk & Wagnalls, 276 pages, price \$3.85). They answer questions about heredity, sex, timidity, money; questions parents are facing now, or will face in the future. The question-and-answer method is used throughout the book. It will prove to be a reliable reference book as long as a parent is puzzled about his child.

● ● ●
Children Know Their Friends (William Morrow & Co., 192 pages, price \$2.50). Written by Ruth Wendell Washburn, this warm-hearted, human book gives concrete help to every adult concerned with the problems of the growing child. Children do know their friends. Friendship with adults who love them helps a child to grow and mature mentally and emotionally. Parents and all those who work with children will derive benefit from this book. It gives suggestions for working and living with children; contains stories that reflect the child's own attitude toward his experiences, his awareness of the world and his relationship to it. It is both concrete and practical.

● ● ●
When she was a child, Gwendolen Freeman determined she would never forget her own childhood nor treat children with the injustice she experienced. In *Children Never Tell* (The Macmillan Co., 274 pages, price \$2.50) she attempts to re-create something of her childhood, especially the things she felt acutely but was powerless to express. There are also stories of children she has known who show the same reserve she had as a child. While it is true that children lack the vocabulary to express their feelings, it is to be hoped that few of them are as morbid as this author seems to have been as a child.

● ● ●
Why Should I? by Ellen Wales Walpole (Harper and Brothers, 102 pages, price \$2.00) is a most unusual book. Mrs. Walpole is a consultant to the Child Study Department of Stephens College. This book is an attempt to answer the question, "Why should I be good?" in terms of the nature of God. It seeks to answer such questions as "How did God make the world?" "Does God hurt people?" In many ways it is a most satisfying book. It does, however, leave out the nature of God as revealed in Jesus and for that reason seems inadequate to a Christian. It is worth reading, however, and parents will find many of their children's questions answered in it.

● ● ●
A Baby Is Born is written by Dr. Milton I. Levine and Jean H. Seligmann (Simon and Schuster, 64 pages, price \$1.50). The sub-title "The Story of How Life Begins" does not indicate that more than the physiological facts are included. There is talk of "growing up"; of happy parenthood and family life. To hesitant adults charged with the sex education of children this book offers easy, clear and unsentimental handling of the matter.

● ● ●
Troubles of Children and Parents, by Susan Isaacs (Vanguard Press, 238 pages, price \$2.75), deals with some of the problems that parents face. Dr. Isaacs, until her recent death, was generally recognized as the foremost child psychologist in Great Britain. For years she publicly answered questions addressed to her about various problems in *The Nursery World*. The material in this book was selected from the letters written her by parents and nurses regarding the social and emotional difficulties arising in the early years of childhood, and that cause the greatest distress to themselves and their children; and her answers to these letters. The answers are constructive and sound. Parents and all those who deal with young children will find it a most helpful book.

● ● ●
The Dancing Kettle and Other Japanese Folk Tales (Harcourt, Brace and Co., 174 pages, price \$2.25). Retold by



Yoshiko Uchida, these authentic folk stories, full of humor and charm, were told to Miss Uchida in her childhood. She now shares them with children of other countries with the hope of helping to create, through understanding another literature and culture, "one world."

● ● ●
Talks to Parents and Teachers, by Homer Lane (Hermitage Press, Inc., 217 pages, price \$2.75), contains the dynamic philosophy of a man who was "a genius in understanding and sympathy." Dr. Lane's experiences with people proved to him that what happens to a child before he is eight is more important than anything else which happens to him before he is eighty. He was continually seeking the motive in children's behavior. He sincerely believed that love was the answer to many of the problems of children. This book offers parents many insights into the problems of their children.

● ● ●
The Chinese say, "It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness." Irvine and Rachel Millgate, in their book, *Let's Live at Home* (published by Harper and Brothers, New York. Price \$2.50; 180 pages), say, "It is better to raise your own food than to curse the high cost of living." Beginning with a hive of bees, continuing with a back-yard garden, chickens raised in the basement, a five-cubic-foot home freezer which eventually became a total of 53 cubic feet of cold storage space, a home smoke house, and a set of plans for the "perfect" new house, the Millgates team up to give an exciting, readable, practical guidebook to family living.

Never fear that they are interested only in food and shelter. Although the book deals primarily with satisfying physical needs there is a constant acknowledgment of the realities of the spiritual ideals which really give meaning and significance to the physical. They discovered that their desire to make their home life self-sustaining led to a closer family unity and a deeper appreciation of the eternal purposes of God.

○ ○ ○
Does the name Phyllis Wheatley mean anything to you? It should and it will if you will read Shirley Graham's *The Story of Phyllis Wheatley* (published by Julian Messner, Inc., New York. Price \$2.75; 176 pages). Written for young people the book is just as absorbing reading for adults. Indeed, it is another book which can and should be read aloud together as a family. The achievements of Phyllis Wheatley in the short span of her thirty-one years should put to rest any ideas one might have about the native inferiority of the Negro. Bought at an auction sale in Boston as a mere child, unable to speak a word of English, she became a well-known poet called the "black poetess" who was the literary rage of Boston and London. When one remembers that education was not "for women" in those days, that Phyllis Wheatley was a slave, that she was a colored slave, and that she had no formal schooling at all—it is then that her knowledge of the classics, her ability as a poet which brought praise from Tom Paine, John Hancock, George Washington and many others, her acceptance in the highest circles of London's nobility become almost unbelievable. Her story is a dramatic and tragic one, a young African poet, a slave who sang her songs of freedom in an alien land.

Untying the Apron Strings

(From page 3.)

home must develop free persons with Christian faith, moral principles and specific aptitudes to guarantee a useful and satisfying life of freedom. At every stage in the development of boys and girls, parents must be faced with the question both of the intellectual and character development of their sons and daughters, for it is this development that determines the amount of freedom that can be safely allowed. Fortunate is the home where sons and daughters as they grow older can enter into discussion of these matters with their parents. This is not the result merely of good fortune and chance, but is the reward of the previous accord between parents and youth, an accord based upon complete mutual respect and unselfish love, seasoned with the wisdom that comes to those who are humbly willing to learn. Where this relationship is maintained and enriched through the years, it will be found when sons and daughters have matured and gone forth to assume the responsibilities of adults that parents and offspring, across time and space, will be held together by the unbreakable bond of love.



My Father

**My father may not be among
The great men of our nation,
But he is just as brave and true
As those of reputation.**

**His picture hasn't yet been seen
With those considered noted;
Yet given the chance, my father's
one**

For whom I would have voted.

—CLARICE FOSTER BOOTH

Biblegram Solution

(See page 11.)

Psalm 37, 8-9:

Cease from anger, and forsake wrath;
fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

For evildoers shall be cut off: but
those that wait upon the LORD, they
shall inherit the earth.

The Words

A. Week	M. Wroth
B. Firefly	N. Rainbow
C. Honey	O. Stained
D. Route	P. Flash
E. Thatch	Q. Trout
F. Font	R. Noise
G. Silver	S. Havens
H. Lot	T. Stare
I. Taffy	U. Machpelah
J. Hooted	V. Leather
K. Reuben	W. Fight
L. Staid	X. Strolled

The Pixies Have a Reason

How many petals has a columbine?

One little pixie said, "Four."

Another little pixie answered,

"Six, and maybe many more."

**But a third said, "When that
flower was made**

**Nature copied from afar,
There are five petals on a
columbine because**

There are five points on a star."

—JANET VAN BERGEN COLLIER

Our Everyday Nursery

(From page 39.)

DID our nursery grow to such proportions it was difficult to handle? Yes, it did. First, we found we needed more simple equipment—low shelves, storage boxes and the like. The fathers came to our rescue again. We asked them to do their carpentry in front of the children, and it was amazing to see the satisfaction some of the children displayed when they saw a room being planned just for them. Then again, when we wondered if we'd undertaken too much, another church opened its nursery for use.

It was only a few months after our project developed that a group of older women came to us. "We have raised our families and now have time on our hands," they told us. "Let us staff the nursery at least part of the time. It will really be constructive activity for us."

It was, too. Sometimes when I watch the children and grandmothers together, I wonder to which comes the greatest benefit.

That is how the overworked mammas and time-on-their-hands grandmas got together to help each other. This volunteer group made possible another delightful result. When we mothers found there was an occasional opportunity for all of us to be free at the same time, we organized projects of our own. We undertook hospital visitation; we worked on community betterment programs; we attended lectures. Sometimes we simply played together—a picnic or a quiet afternoon of laughter and talk at one of the homes.

This is how a simple idea worked out for us. We vote it an overwhelming success. One that resulted in a far-reaching spirit of cooperation and good will. One that was beneficial to both mother and child—and grandmother. It is an idea that could be applied in almost any church by a group of young mothers. You might try this practical program in your own community.

By Joey Sasso

When I Grow Up, written by Raymond Abrashkin; music by Walter Hendl, sung by Tom Glazer and Charity Bailey (*Young People's Record Album*). Walter Hendl, conductor of the Dallas Symphony Orchestra, has done a fine popular job with Raymond Abrashkin's appealing lyrics in this excellent preschool disc. Some of the six songs are bound to land on the two-to-six-year-old hit parade. Five songs about things to do when you grow up—and a catchy clincher about what you can do now, without waiting.

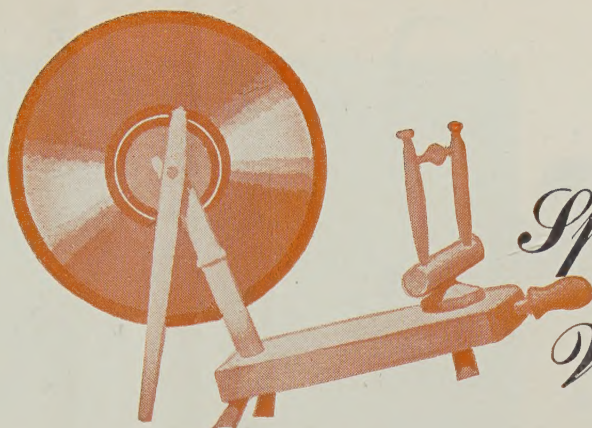
Bozo and the Birds (*Capitol Children's Record Album*). Bozo, America's most famous clown, takes another of his tours that delight the hearts of children everywhere. This time he jumps on his aerohop (pogo stick) and soars into birdland, meeting and talking with many varieties of his feathered friends. The gorgeous colored illustrations in the record-reader add both to the entertainment and educational value.

Pinochio (*Adventure Kiddie Records*). The children's classic of the mischievous little puppet boy who mends the errors of his ways to become a real, live boy. Adopted from the original story by C. Collodi and retaining all its fascination for boys and girls. Narration by Uncle Henry and original background music by Roy Ross.

The Grasshopper and the Ants (*Capitol Children's Album*). The famed and beloved Walt Disney cartoon is here presented on records featuring Don Wilson and the original cast. These records tell the fascinating story so popular several years back, and feature songs from the original Disney production. The story is told on records and features, as well, the full-color record reader.

Selected Hymns (*Bibletone Album*). "The Lord's Prayer," "Come Thou Almighty King," "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Our God Our Help in Ages Past," "Now the Day Is Over," "Eternal Father Strong to Save," "Fairest Lord Jesus," "Prayer of Thanksgiving." What a joy to hear the voices of the mixed choir in melodic harmony, blended with the beautiful and majestic tones of the Master Cathedral Organ. Featured in the album is "The Lord's Prayer," by Albert Hay Malotte, sung by J. Alden Edkins and choir.

Mozart: The Sleigh Ride . . . Tchaikovsky: Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy, Leopold Stokowski and his Symphony Orchestra (*RCA Victor Red Seal Single*). Among the notable achievements in recording in recent years have been the discs made by Leopold Stokowski and his Symphony Orchestra, composed of players from leading orchestras. Made in the same studios as "Sleeping Beauty" and Dvorak's "New World Symphony," and utilizing similar techniques of microphone and instrument placement, Stokowski's latest releases from Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker



The Spinning Wheel

Suite," take their place alongside earlier recordings as performances of an unusually high order.

Chopin: Concerto No. 1, In E Minor, Alexander Brailowsky, pianist, RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, conductor (*RCA Victor Red Seal Album*). Alexander Brailowsky's affinity for the music of Chopin is recognized on three continents, and his cycles of the works of this composer, the centenary of whose death was recently observed, have always drawn capacity audiences. RCA Victor's tribute to the prolific Polish composer is the second of Chopin's two piano concertos to be published.

Written at the height of Chopin's musical romanticism, the work calls for great virtuosity, and Brailowsky meets its demands in characteristic style, giving full play to its ornamentation, melodic development and the agitated melancholy so typical of the composer's writings. William Steinberg and the RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra provide admirable support in the interweaving lines of the first movement, the calm and melancholy Romanze and the spirited rondo of the concluding movement.

Beethoven: Symphony No. 9 In D Minor, Op. 125 ("Choral"). Bruno Walter, conducting the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York with Irma Gonzales, soprano; Elena Nikolaidi, contralto; Raoul Jobin, tenor; Mack Harrell, baritone; and The Westminster Choir, Dr. John Finley Williamson, conductor (*Columbia Masterworks Album*). This is probably one of the most outstanding compositions ever to be put on records. The Beethoven ninth is considered by many to be his greatest symphonic work.

The greatness of this recording does not lie wholly in the music, however. Much of the credit must go to Bruno Walter who proves his tremendous ability by directing all the solo and group elements into a superb ensemble that makes of this album something exceptional to listen to.

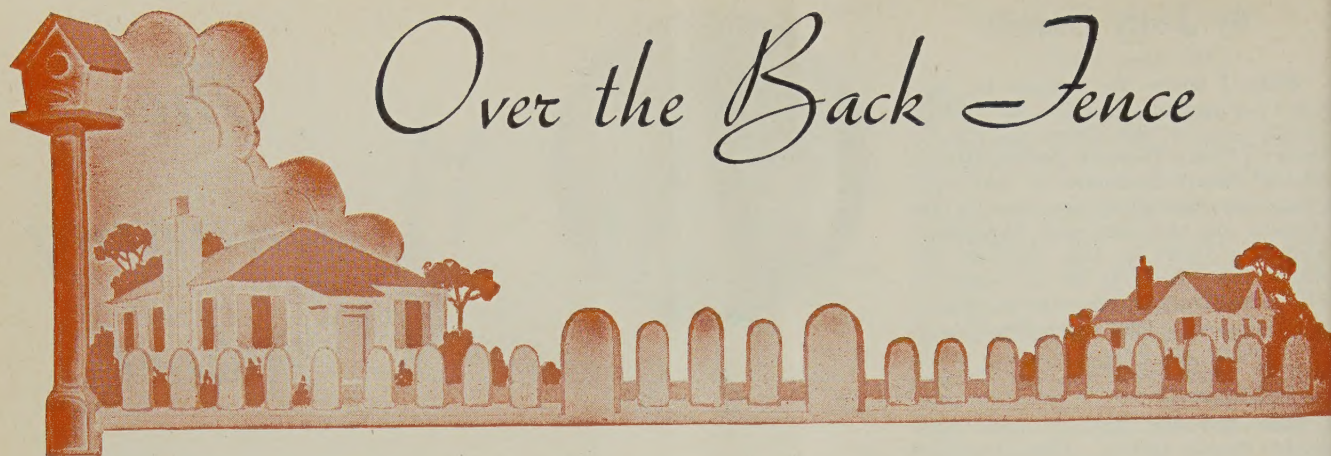
Among the soloists are Irma Gonzales, Raoul Jobin and Mack Harrell—all known for their excellent voices. Singing the contralto role is a young Greek artist who has taken the musical world by storm—Elena Nikolaidi.

Ave Maria and The Lord's Prayer, by Perry Como (*RCA Victor*). With a very fine interpretation of two well-known religious standards, Perry Como shows new stature as a singer. This change from the popular repertoire gives evidence of increased maturity in his style. This recording was made in the Church of the Incarnation in New York with a choir of 36 mixed voices under the direction of Mitchell Ayres. "Ave Maria" is sung in Latin and each word stands out with clarity, while "The Lord's Prayer," in English, builds to a moving climax.

Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4, In F Minor, Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, Conducting. (*RCA Victor Red Seal Single*). In this new recording of Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony Serge Koussevitzky and the men of the Boston Symphony Orchestra have given a performance of high tonal and technical quality. Little need be said about Koussevitzky's interpretations of Tchaikovsky's music—they have always been outstanding. Coupled with a recording technique of the highest order, the work emerges with brilliance, clarity, and remarkable effect.

Anderson, Leroy: Sleigh Ride and Serenata, Boston Pops Orchestra, Arthur Fiedler, Conducting. (*RCA Victor Red Seal Single*). Composer Leroy Anderson has a number of compositions to his credit among which "Chicken Reel" and "Fiddle Faddle" have become popular favorites through repeated performances on the radio and the Boston Pops Red Seal recording released about a year ago. The latest Boston Pops release finds conductor Fiedler and his men negotiating two new Anderson works—"Sleigh Ride" and "Serenata." The topside is bright and gay, complete with sleigh bells, clip-clop hooves and a trumpet neighing. The reverse side is a fiery Spanish mood, neatly orchestrated and well paced.

Verdi: Rigoletto, Flotow: **Martha**, Richard Tucker, tenor, with orchestra conducted by Emil Cooper (*Columbia Masterworks Single*). Probably the most outstanding tenor in the Metropolitan Opera roster of stars, Richard Tucker here sings the most famous tenor arias ever written and his performance is bound to win high praise for this excellent singer.



Over the Back Fence

A Day for Father

Father's Day, the third Sunday in June, has had tough sledding (if we may speak of sledding in June)! In spite of expensive advertising efforts to popularize its observance it has never attained the widespread recognition of Mother's Day. Haberdasheries seem more anxious to promote it than do the churches.

Although this issue of *Hearthstone* contains much material emphasizing Father's importance the concern is not about the observance of the day. Indeed, God forbid that we shall ever go to the extremes of over-sentimentalism in its observance which has marked too much of the celebration of Mother's Day. There is little to fear on that score since a halo on father is more uncomfortable than a hard straw hat.

Hearthstone is, however, very much concerned that the place and importance of father in the family be recognized and emphasized. He is more than the breadwinner and administrator of the hairbrush. Essentially true though Lincoln's tribute to his mother may be, something of the heredity and environment supplied by Tom Lincoln entered into the making of "Honest Abe."

Yes, father is a parent, too! Upon him rests at least an equal share of responsibility to "train a child in the way he should go." It is good to see the increasing tendency to take father into the family circle.

What the Family Earns

A basic element in Christian stewardship in our industrial age is the family income. According to the figures for 1948 the average income for a family of four was \$5,640.00 per year. Taking into consideration that a family of four should need only about \$3,600.00 as the minimum necessary to maintain a fairly decent standard of living the picture certainly looks rosy . . . until you recognize the fact only about one family out of five in the United States actually receives the average income. All of which is a bit sobering and gives evidence that we still have

a long way to go even in our fabulous country before we come up to the average.

Here basically is one of the major answers to many of our greatest social problems. More divorces result from financial difficulties than any other one reason. Juvenile delinquency is often the result of lack of supervision over children by parents both of whom must work to try to "come up to the average." Communism spawns most readily where economic conditions drive the lowly to utter despair until they say, "Anything is better than this."

It is said that "the love of money is the root of all evil." Certainly the lack of it is the root of a great deal of evil. *Hearthstone* does not believe that having more money will automatically solve all the problems of family living. It will help to relieve some of the tensions and the strains.

Of Concern to Families

In 1905 there were 160 medical schools in the United States, with 26,147 students and 5,606 graduates. In 1948 there were 77 schools, 22,739 students, and 5,543 graduates. In the same period of time the population of the country has almost doubled. Roughly, it appears that we are only half as well serviced in 1950 by the medical profession as we were in 1905.

There may be a valid reason for this situation. It may not be as bad as it appears on the surface. However, *Hearthstone* believes that our homes and families are entitled to an explanation. If they don't get it they should demand it, for the sake of the health of their loved ones.

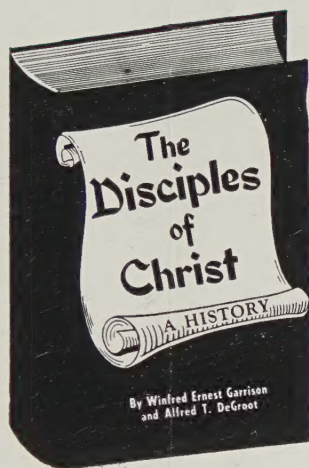
Summer Is for Families

So is every season of the year. But summer holds many opportunities for families to play together, work together, yes and worship together. Your family magazine will attempt to point out some of those invitations to happiness which summer abounds in. Be sure to get your copy of *Hearthstone* every month.

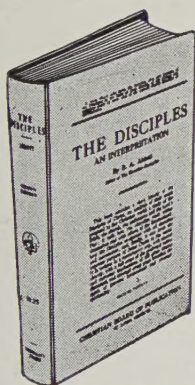
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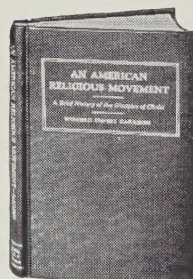
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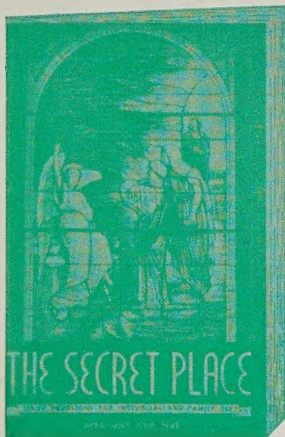
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